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THE WIFE OF CRAWFORD,

AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Richmond, February 22d, 1858.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

They raised the statue to its throne
Beath her Virginia's sky,
The noblest boy of the earth,
Whose memory cannot die,—
And there, upon his day of birth,
In his boy's native clime,
It meet'est us in his manhood's stern,
Majestic and sublime.

But he, who with Promethean power
Could mold the shapeless clay,
And wage the chisel's bravure to life,
Where was his own this day?
Where was the hand that could throng
To answer to his name,
Or round his temples bind the wreath
That Genius wins from fame.

Yet one there was, with pallid cheek,
And ever-dropping tear,
Deem she not in his heart of hearts?
Why stands she nearest here?
Has fed her children by the hand,
Their father's work in view,
And hear the greetings of his praise
From high hand cheerly?—

And silently that prayer arose
Which none but mortals know,
That all he virtues in their souls
Might rest, and brotherward grow;
Though darkly o'er her spirit hung
The shadow of a cloud,
The shadow of a heavy sorrow,
The image of the dead.

Then Wife, True Mother! without boast
Of all that thou hast done,
And seldom even the exciting shout,
In sympathy for her,
Waits at the glorious elephant's feet
Yet look with the hatred, lay
A leaflet of thine hair here,
Which never can fade away.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY ELIZABETH CODE, JR.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHAIN WITHIN, AND THE CHAIN WITHOUT.

There are few living things upon earth so timid but that may be nerved to resistance by the presence of a great danger; and when that danger comes in the person of something loathed and detested, then the weak may become strong, and the gentle-minded desire unto frenzy. As the smell of gunpowder and the sight of blood may change the faint-hearted soldier to a very demon incarnate, so the coming of a malignant, brutal enemy may change the shrinking, timorous babe to a heroine of reckless daring.

When Rosalind saw the devilish features of Gabriel Barker, and heard the meaning words that dropped from his lips, she knew his purpose in a moment. For a single instant there was a sinking of the heart, as though the stream of life had been suddenly frozen up, and a cry of terror escaped her; but ere the villain had taken another step towards her, a force fled to life in her soul, and she felt a strength in her nerves which she had never felt before. She had stepped the iron wrench upon the bed behind her, and now regarded her visitor with a look that made him hesitate. Her face was as pale as ever, but the large, luminous eyes burned like the orbs of a startled lioness, and the slight, graceful form was erect and defiant.

"You are my wife," the lawyer said, persuasively.

"Liar!" uttered Rosalind, in a thrilling whisper.

"Come, now—soon o' that. You know you're my wife, married according to law."

"Liar!" was the response, in the same chastise tone.

"Look here, my dear girl, you may my that word once too often. I don't like it. Now believe as you ought to."

"Villain—I will!"

"Then I'd like to see you begin. You know you're my wife, and I swear by you, no power can take you from me."

"*You wife?*" uttered the maiden, with all the bitterness she could command. "Oh! what treat falsehood a black and traitorous heart can prompt! *Your wife!*—I'd rather end with the wild beast, who would tear me limb from limb ere we reached the nuptial bed! *Your wife!*—Liar!"

Mr. Barker had not expected this. He had thought to easily subdue the frightened, trembling girl he had seen in the kitchen. He had supposed he should overpower her at once, either by persuasion, falsehood or threats. But he hesitated now. His first impulse had been to advance and place his hands upon her, but there was something in her look that made him quail.

"Look ye," he said, after some hesitation, "you ain't doing yourself any good by acting so. I can be as ugly as you can. Mind that!"

"If you could not have been a very devil, you would never have lent yourself to the foul scheme which you would now consummate!" the girl replied, with her strangely burning eyes fixed upon the man before her.

"Scheme?" repeated Barker, falling back upon the persuasive again. "I know not what you may think of those whom I believe to be your parents, but you wrong me. I was led to the step I have taken out of pure sympathy and love."

"Stop, sir! There is no need of keeping the clock on longer. Throw it off, and speak plainly. You do not believe that Michael Leider and his deluded companion are my parents. You know they are not."

"They must be great villains if they are not," said Barker.

"They are great villains, sir."

"Then look ye, my girl: See what a blessing I would confer upon you. I would take you from their power, and raise you to a station of affluence and independence. Acknowledge yourself my legal wife, and you shall have all that you can wish. I love you—love you wildly and passionately. Do not drive me to distraction."

"*You love?*" cried Rosalind, drawing herself up and speaking with the essence of concentrated scorn. "You have shown your love well! Leave me, sir! If you can feel one particle of respect or sympathy—if there beats one palpitation of humanity—if you have ever once trusted left—leave me!"

"Nay, nay, my charmer. I am not to be driven off thus. I am willing to be gentle—to be kind; but, by the heavens above me, you'll have to change that tone if you would have me so. You are my wife, not only by law, but for all coming time—"

"Stop—one moment," said Rosalind, with an earnest change in her manner. "Only a few short days ago I was happy and contented in my country home. I was beneath the roof where I had been reared from infancy, and I was cared for with all the love and kindness which even the most devoted care and kindness could bestow. And I was believed by one who was noble, generous and true. He had asked me to be his wife, and before God our troth was plighted. In a dark hour Thomas Gordan, with a lie upon his tongue, came and said he would carry me to my parents. He brought me here—he left me with these people—and I have not seen him since. From all that I ever loved I have been ruthlessly torn—from the bright sunlight and joys of home—from the smiles of friends—from the presence of him whom I trust loved on earth—and in return I have met—Oh, God! you know what. My heart is crushed and bleeding, and my soul sings for the joys that should be mine. Now, sir—now, will you not have compassion? I implore you—I entreat—I pray—spare me!"

She stood with her hands clasped, and with a look of prayer upon her pale face that might have moved a demon.

"All this is very well," replied Barker, without betraying any particular emotion, except a gloyed determination; "but I don't see that you have grounds for a legal divorce, so I shan't give up my wife."

"Will you not listen to me, sir?" the girl cried, turning back to where she had first stood.

"I have listened enough already. I'll hear no more. You are my wife, and as such I claim you. So stop your—"

"Back, sir! Don't approach me. Oh! in God's name, I implore you!"

The pale figure became paler still, the tremulous accent, and the fire of the eye burned more intensely. The man hesitated. There was something threatening in the face before him.

"Not another step towards me, sir! I am mad! I am not responsible!"

"Pooh! You look more lovely than ever in that mood," the lawyer said, to be finally metamorphosed in calling back his impudence. "You think to frighten me; but I have a husband's right, and I claim a husband's authority. Resist me, and I shall be worse for you. By the eternal heavens, you are mine!"

"Back! Touch me not! I tell you I am mad! I can die—I would rather die a thousand times than be your victim!"

"But I'll make that same while your life holds out!" hissed Gabriel, striding towards her with his left hand extended.

Rosalind carried her hand quickly behind her, and grasped the wrench. The villain slightly relaxed his left arm within the sleeve, and his hand was bent as though he would imprint a kiss upon her cheek. She gave a start back, and then, with all the quickness and power she could command, she brought the wrench down upon the bared hand. It struck the temple with a dull, crushing sound, and, without even a groan, he went from mid upon the floor at her feet!

Rosalind gazed upon the fallen man until she was assured he was senseless, and then she sprang to the window and threw up the sash. The rain was still falling—the wind was beating around the house, and seeing the darkness—and the night was dark and dense, but she did not hesitate. She flew to the bed, tore off the sheets, and knotted them together, then added the blanket and coverlid, and then looked about for some means of securing one of the ends at the window frame. She found nothing there, however; but the bedpost would answer. It was only a few feet from the room, and the rope-ladding would be long enough. The cord was secured, and then she put on her hood, and placed her shawl about her shoulders. She darted into a room to take anything from her trunk, save her little purse. She had no keepsakes there, for her trinkets and jewelry, and souvenirs of love, had not been brought from her old home.

One more look at the dark form upon the floor, which lay still as death, and Rosalind hurried to the window and shook the rope-ladding from the stout. It flattered away into the darkness, flapping and smacking like a dead ghost—now rising high into the air, and soon sweeping down the brick wall. She could not see the flat roof below her, but she knew it was there. She gave a shudder, for the darkness and loneliness, and memories

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"Then come to-morrow?"

"Thomas Goodman—if that's yer name—I must come in now. Yo don't know who's inside. I'm alone now; but I won't be alone if it's put off till to-morrow."

There was some meaning in this—a meaning which the leader could not fully comprehend, but which nevertheless filled him with fear.

"I can't stand here in this storm much longer," said the applicant.

Goodman visibly controlled to admit him. He drew back a heavy bolt at the top of the door, and another one at the bottom—those were securities which he had put on lately. After this he turned the key in the lock, and slowly opened the door.

Mr. Carper was a sturdy-built man, anyhow, and the stranger, pushing his way into the hall.

Goodman might have offered resistance to this summary entrance, but he had no such idea. He could do at that moment to keep his light from being put out by the wind.

"My heart is as warm as most people's," returned the broker, softly.

"It must be warmer," returned the stranger, ironically, "or ye wouldn't think an old weather-beaten chap like me could be warm on your cheese-stone."

"How shall do you want, sir?" demand Goodman, trying to get a sight at his face, but without effect; for the collar of a huge pea-jacket almost entirely hid it.

"Let me find a place to sit down in afore we begin to talk," returned the stranger; "for I've got a good many things to say, and I can't overload my old top-gallus bone. My shipmates always should, and it's find endurance somewhere."

A fearful shudder ran from the top of Thomas Goodman's head to the very ends of his toes. This was a sailor man. He might have come from China! He might have known old Anthony Carper there!

"Come— Will ye head yer whist out o' this, or must I stand here, drippin' like a dronded rat?"

Now that the man was in he could not bid him take his ease on again, where no one else could hear what was said; so the broker secured his outer door, and then bade his visitor follow him. He led the way to his private room—a room having closed the door, and set the lamp upon his desk, he turned towards the stranger.

"Now, sir—who are you—and what do you want?"

The man deliberately removed his great shaggy pea-jacket, and having shaken a shower of water from it, he threw it over the back of a chair, which he took off his sprinkled hat, and then sat down and gazed upon his host. He was a stout, strongly-looking man, with black curly hair, which lay in confined masses about his head, as well as on his half covered by a long, black beard. Such of his faces, however, as was not thus overgrown, was dark and bronzed, showing that he was no stranger for many years exposed to changing weather. His eye was very bright and piercing, and was fastened upon Goodman with an expression that made that individual feel quite uncomfortable. He wore a seaman's garb—blue jacket and trousers, with a shirt of thick blue flannel, elaborately trimmed and ornamented upon the collar and bosom with white cord and buttons.

"Now, Mr. Goodman—I'm ready to talk. I've been cruisin' about arter yo for some time. I found that yo lived here, and I knowed yo was in by day; but I didn't think of lowerin' to have when I started. Howsomever, I made out your light—I knowed it was you, as soon as I seed it."

Thomas trembled again with vague terror. He was not wholly unacquainted with that face, though he could not, for the life of him, tell where he had seen it.

"I've have the advantage of me, sir," he finally said, seeming to be very calm and unconcerned.

"Yes—I s'pose so," the stranger returned. "My name is John Peters. Did yo ever hear it afore?"

"I can't say that I ever did, sir."

"No—I s'pose not. But yo've found it now—and yo'll remember it—I 'sure yo that. Don't forget it, for yo may want to call it to mind at some future time."

Goodman might have been angry had he not been stricken with a deadly dread. He began to look upon that face the more sure he was that he had seen it before—seen it sometime in former years. Still he could not bear to think upon it until now—never that he could remember. But then the name might be assumed now. He summoned to shake off the incubus that was settling upon him, and finally succeeded in answering quite like a man.

"If you have business with me, sir, you will have it done with at once," he said. "Remember, this is Sabbath evening, and it is late."

"So late as to almost be Sunday mornin', returned John Peters, with a queer look from his sharp eyes. "But I'll make up my mind to stay once, seein' yo're in a hurry. I've got it all stowed away here in my top-gear, and I'll begin to overhaul it."

He tapped his head as he spoke, and gave his chair a fetch.

"First, yo'l foremost, sir," he returned, keeping his eyes fixed upon his listener in a way that was not lost upon him. "Was you goin' to my anything; sir?"

No—Thomas Goodman wasn't going to say anything. That sudden start was from a misunderstanding.

"I had an old friend in China, sir," the sailor continued—a friend who lodged me when I was needy, and gave me clothes when I was almost naked. He went to Calcutta, and from there he came home. How I wanted to see him!"

"And why do you come to me?" asked Goodman, in a hoarse whisper.

"Because he told me he should come right here as soon as he landed. His name was Carper—Anthony Carper. You knew him?"

"Yes."

"I s'posed so, for he told me he was your uncle. I want to see him very much. Can you tell me where he is?"

"No."

"Hain't he been here to see you?"

How should the broker answer this question? He was oppressed with terror, but he had some sense left. If he denied having seen the old man, this sailor might go at work inquiring and searching, and thus, possibly, confess. So, after a distressing moment, but he soon made up his mind.

"He came here, sir, about a month ago or more. That was nearly a month ago—and I have not seen him since."

"Where did he go to from here?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't he say where he was goin'?"

"No—not a word."

"Well," muttered the sailor, "that's curious. He told me I should certainly find him if I could find his nephew—his beloved nephew, he said—Thomas Goodman. Did he have money with him?"

"Not that I know of."

"Has he had valuable papers?"

"...couldn't say."

"Well now—that's more curious still. He told me he was goin' to have you take 'em and fix 'em for him. An' yo sure he didn't have 'em exposed some way?"

"I tell you, I know nothing about him or his papers!" cried the broker, partially overcoming his fear by a momentary excitement.

"Then I'll have to look for 'em myself, for I'm certain he had 'em with him, and he wouldn't go without 'em."

"But it isn't all I want," returned Peters, with another of those sharp looks that sent the impression all cold over Goodman's soul. "If I can't find me where Anthony Carper is, you can tell me where he is, and that's what I'm after, too. If I can find her I shall be sure to find the old man."

"I tell ye, sir, I know where she is," answered the broker, with an effort.

"Then I must find her. I shall search for her, sir, you may depend on't; and while I search I shall think how strange it is that her guardian can't be found anywhere."

"O—I do know where she did find a home," said Goodman, with a gasp, "but the folks she lived with have moved off—away off into the western country—and took her with them. But—"

"But whereabouts have they gone?"

"I don't know the name of the town—I don't even know what State."

"Then I must find out. Somebody will know." Thomas Goodman had become very meagre. There was a dangar—a great one. If this man went on with his investigation he would not only find Alice King, but he would find much else. He would tell the old history of Anthony Carper—and then the furore would tell that the old man had been foul-ly murdered—and then Peters would go and see the clothes which were hidden in the bureau—and, in the end, the fate of the drafts and bills might be discovered.

So pondered the broker while he was conversing with the sailor, and afterward he thought further:

How easy it would be to silence this man. A blow upon the head—perhaps two, or three—with a heavy hammer—could not be heard for or with a sight of storm. He was in the habit of doing it day or two—it could be put into a chest and carried away. It was a big one, and he broker could become accustomed to this to do out.

"Have yo ever seen anything before this?" the broker asked, in a careful tone.

"No, I never have. But I've come, as the old man assured me he should drop some letter."

"I didn't know but this might have been some letter of his, for him who you were looking for, sir."

A new thought had worked its way into Goodman's mind. He did not believe the man before him was what he pretended. He did not believe at all times alike. When he spoke earnestly he used different language from what he did when he remembered that character he had assumed. Moreover, it mentioned little now whether he was a sailor or an Indian chief, if he was dangerous. He was very dangerous at this particular time.

"I don't know but this may have been a letter," said the sailor, "that my wife may have heard about. I'll look it over, and see what it says."

"I wish you would," the visitor replied.

"I will. Just wait a moment."

Goodman left the room, and glided softly down stairs. In the kitchen he found the key—which he had soon raised a light. Then he went out into the shed, and, with a key, shall among a lot of rubbish, he took an old rusty hammer. He gazed upon it, and the shudder ran down his back. The hammer at the same spot was heavy, and could be used as a deadly weapon. Then he trembled when he remembered how a poor, trembling old man had fallen beneath the blow. But a sense of danger nerved him up to his new work, and slipping the hammer into the pocket of the skirt of his coat, he started back. He paused at the door with his left ear like a vice—and his fingers were clutched upon the key-stem of the lamp-grasp. When he re-entered his private room he had assumed a new look. He raised it to the old hand, bottom look; but it was as ghastly as ever.

"I have read the letter, sir," he said, in opposition of his strange visitor. "She says there is a letter coming for me—somewhere—she she received from the girl. I will find it."

The sailor gazed up into Goodman's face, and his sharp eyes were a new expression. He took from his chair, and drew a heavy plated from his pocket.

"You say you have [illegible] for better hand than mine," he said, as he cocked the weapon, and moved back a pace.

"But— Sir!" gasped the broker, shivering like an aspen, "I am not afraid."

"I am not afraid," interrupted Peters, "and I was prepared for you, sir. I know you, Thomas Goodman; and I know you are a murderer—a cold-blooded murderer! Where is Alice King?"

"So this is to be sinner following murder!," returned John Peters, with a queer look from his sharp eyes. "But I'll come up to you, sir, in your own coin, seein' yo're in a hurry. I've got it all stowed away here in my top-gear, and I'll begin to overhaul it."

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CHAPTER XII.

WORDS IN DARKNESS. [illegible]

Rosalind awoke from a sort of stupor, and started up from the hard mattress. She heard a confused murmur of hard voices—with oaths and imprecations. Her head was [illegible] thoughts were confused and pointless. With a low moan she put both her hands down upon it, and long she began to remember the events of the past night. Gradually, as consciousness opened upon her, to her understanding, and she again raised herself upon her elbow. It was dark in the narrow cell, but a light was burning in the corridor without; and through the grated door the poor girl could see what was going on beyond. She saw three stout-looking men, one of whom was called captain, and they were talking about clearing the place.

Presently one of them went away—there was a rattling of bolts—the creaking of a door—and when he returned he was followed by two boys. The officer scolded them for having been out so late at night, and told them the next time he found them there he should send them to a worse place than the watch-house. They were then sent off, and officers were brought out from the narrow cells.

One was an old man, very well dressed, who seemed to have been found drunk in the street. Another, with bloated face, and tangled hair, and with clothes all torn and dirty, had been rescued from the mud of one of the ditches. The officer asked him if he was sober enough to take care of himself, and he said yes. He crawled away like a thing for shame, and below the level of manhood, but not quite a brute.

Next came a light man and handsome. A youth, with a sort of flush on his face, was brought in, and as the officer spoke to him his head drooped, and he stood silent and sullen. He was handsome, and his face would have been very fair but for the ghastly hue that overspread it. His garments were soiled, but of the finest fabric and the best cut.

"Where were you last night?" the captain said.

The youth pressed his hand upon his aching head, but made no reply.

After this two girls were brought out. They were asked to go without, and presently said that they had sought shelter from the storm of their second home.

"Now where's Rosaline?" asked the captain, with the air of one of his rank, yet somewhat [illegible] of the subordinates.

"Wasn't it he that took up that girl in mother Bly's?" one of them asked, nodding at the cell that [illegible] was confined.

"Yes," said the captain, at the end of the corridor, and opened, and the captain was called out, and [illegible] him was seen.

"Have you a girl here named Rosalind?" the person called out.

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why—she's a daughter of mine, that's all."

"But how came she in such a den as this all night?"

"Oh, I ran away from a drunken husband," returned Lodder, at a venture; "and now I want to get her out. Come, you've had enough about enough."

"Well—come in. You see if it knows you."

Michael followed the officer into the cell-room, and as soon as he saw Rosalind he hurried towards her.

"My dear child," he cried, seizing both her hands, "I am a relation of your father's dead wife. I didn't know he was such a man." Then he added, in a low, whispering tone, "Don't be frightened, or let on that you know me. You'll be with those who will protect you. Come—come—don't be afraid—don't be afraid."

Rosalind looked up at him, and then, turning to Rosalind, he asked—

"Do you know me, child?"

The poor girl was confused and perplexed. But [illegible] before the apparition of Michael, and with the hope of seeing her old friends once more, and with the desire to escape from the place of imprisonment, she said—

"Then take her along."

Rosalind was shortly upon Lodder's arm, and when she reached the street she found in broad daylight. The storm was past, and the morning clouds were rolling away to the westward, the storm having exhausted itself during the early morning. Not a word was spoken by either of the pawnbroker were a deep, mysterious look, and life an agonizing [illegible] of fear. He held down his head, as though something troubled him. Rosalind made no questioning further. She was dreamed during the night that he was dead. She had dreamed that she saw him lying at her feet in streams of blood flowing from wounds which she had made. She shuddered at the thought, and spoke—

The walk was not a long one, and when they reached the door of the shop, Lodder took out his key, and let them in. Then he said—

"I left Polly [illegible] this morning," he said, "and I thought I'd just look in behind and see."

"But—Mr. King— Is he not here?" gasped Rosalind, beginning to recover something of her scattered senses.

"Are you come to and see."

There was a strange look upon his face as he spoke—a look that sent terror again to the poor girl's soul, and she trembled from head to foot. When she reached the kitchen, she found Polly sitting by the fire, watching some meat which she was sputtering in its spider. The woman saw Rosalind, and started up, but instead of coming forward she sank down again, and groaned.

"Polly, what's the matter?" whispered the girl.

"Oh dear, Rosa," whispered Polly, "I've got something to tell you."

"Something to tell ye," echoed Patty, in a distant tone.

Rosalind sat down, and folded her hands upon her bosom.

"I've got something to tell ye," repeated the pawnbroker, gazing into the face of the frightened girl with a strange look. "At first I want ye to understand that we are now your friends, and we are ye safe and happy. We want to care for ye. If ye should [illegible] I want first where they hadn't been ye. In the next place they had a poor girl that I thought might be you, but it wasn't. The third time didn't fail. I found you at last, and I'm glad of it. Mebbe ye'll say I told ye a lie to get ye here. But I didn't. I'll be deceive ye, Rosa. I did it to save ye. If I told ye Mr. King was here when he wasn't, I did it because I couldn't help it."

Mr. Lodder had assumed a look of honest emotion, and his voice was immensely honest and sympathetic. Even his eye looked humid, as though a slight touch more upon his heart would set him a-weeping.

"I know'd if I didn't tell ye some such thing ye wouldn't have come," he resumed. "Then officers never 'd have given ye up to me if ye'd said no. But 'pose for your own sake, Rosa."

"For your own sake, dear Rosa!" echoed Patty, applying the corner of her apron to her eye.

What did it all mean? Rosalind gazed upon the man, and then upon the woman.

"What is it?" she asked, in a terrified whisper.

"I don't know how to break it to ye—I hope I don't," said Michael.

"But I will. Oh, I will her—and have it done with!" whispered Patty.

"I must tell ye, dear," the pawnbroker added. He paused a moment upon the poor girl, and then continued—

"Rosa, have ye seen Colonel Barber in?"

Rosalind gasped for breath, and her fingers clutched convulsively over her heart.

"Where d'ye s'pose he is?" Lodder repeated, fixing his eye steadily upon her face.

"Poor Colonel!" groaned Patty. "Where is he?"

"Dead!" whispered Michael.

"No! no! no!" shrieked Rosalind, starting to her feet, and pushing her hands out before her as though she would keep off the terrible thought.

"We found him this morning—very early—before daylight—layin' on the floor up in your room, Rosa. There was a great gun on his temple, and the skull was all smashed in—and he was cold, and cold, and cold—stone!"

"Just as dead as could be!" explained Patty, with her apron again at her eyes.

"We should have been dead some hours," resumed Lodder, "for he was very cold and stiff when we found him."

"Just as cold as ice; and as stiff as—as—as—" Here Patty's grief choked her.

"He heard not the roar of the storm," pursued Michael.

"Nor he didn't know when it cleared off!" suggested Patty, with increased emotion.

Rosalind found an iron wrench on the floor, close by where the dead man laid," said Lodder; "and I s'pose that was what he was killed with. Oh, it was awful, Rosa!"

"But I'm sorry for you! God!" groaned the stricken girl, tossing her head upon her hands, and sinking to the floor in a swoon.

"What could we do with the body?" the pawnbroker continued. "If we'd acted to hide it, and had been found in secret, we should have been charged with the murder."

"Oh, I know'd Lodder's plan!" Patty, growing indignant at his base thought, "of Michael and me [illegible] the murder."

"Why," explained Lodder, "we'd have had it if we could, but we couldn't. I s'pose Polly, what with the fright and all, she says—I don't know." We ain't like to care for children, you know."

"Cause they'd hang us," interposed the woman.

"Certainly," assented Lodder. "But that wasn't the reason with me. Our first thought was to save you, for we know'd you'd come to murder, Rosa."

"Oh—God have mercy!" groaned the poor girl, burying her head still more low, and pressing her hands upon her ears, as though to shut out the sound sinking into the bone.

"Don't be awful hard on her, Rosa!" said Patty, with her face hidden behind her apron.

"Rosalind sobbed, and she felt, and gazed upon the man before her.

"Then our number?" she cried, vehemently. "I was but self-defence! I did not mean to kill him!"

"Stop, Rosa," said the pawnbroker, in a smooth, argumentative tone. "You don't understand it. You don't know how to break it to—I'm afraid you would the case stand? Just see here!" and he took the right forefinger into the palm of the left hand, as though the case were plainly written there. "You would be charged with the murder, tried to Colonel Barber——Stop. I know what you're to say. You'll say ye didn't believe that you was legally married to him. But that's neither here nor there. He was married to ye—by a regular ceremony, and after a regular publishment. It'll be proved that ye didn't like him—that ye'd had a quarrel—and—and—Ah—Jim'dney! Jo, Rosa. P'r'aps ye wasn't aware of it, but ye did. Ye struck him some awful blows. I know ye was mighty high-strung at the time, and mebbe ye didn't know what ye was about; but don't mistake. Courts don't consider such things. They only consider what's cold and dead."

"Oh, God have mercy!" interposed Patty, with a knowing shake of the head. "I was in the room—— Those as a witness, I s'pose; I swear I'd done anything. O, no—it was Rosalind as did it—unconscious like. Then everybody that had done something. The poor criminal's defence is that he didn't mean to do it; but the judge stopped him right off; and says, he says, he' as ugly as a live anglin—I didn't make no matter what I was—I'm glad that's over with, I'm sure!" Oh! it was dreadful! The Lord save me and mine from such another!"

"As I was a-sayin'," resumed Michael, when Patty had finished, "they'll only want to know what you've done. They'll prove that ye made terrible threats, and then they'll prove that you had a quarrel with him, and all just because ye didn't want to be his wife. And now this ye made your escape and tried to run away."

"Yes, and now where your friends was when ye run away from us," said Patty, wiping again.

"Now ye may want to know how it's leaked out that Barber's been murdered," resumed Michael, removing his finger from his palm, and folding up his hands upon his knees. "I'll tell ye; I've been a-thinkin' of it all the time I've been here, and we couldn't pretend that he died naturally, for the broken temple would have given the lie to any such idea right off—so we took the straightforwardest course. We called the coroner right in, and told him all about it, and we told him that the poor man's wife had killed him, and then we left the coroner and officers to look after the body, and found a verdict of willful murder! They took the dead man away, and the coroner gave us bail to put up the murderer! So now ye know why I wanted to get ye back here. We'll be safe with us a little while, for they won't think of lookin' in this place—right where the dead was found. Now do ye understand?"

"Ye can have a new room, Rosa," said Patty, with an affectionate tone. "For I don't s'pose ye'd want to go into that room again. I'm sure I don't know how it's for anything. I carpet no-this' but that it'll be hauled."

Rosalind had heard it all, and she sat in her chair like one dead. Her head had fallen back upon the wall, and her hands lay motionless in her lap.

"Rosa! Rosa!" cried the woman, starting up. "What's the matter with her?" cried Lodder, in alarm.

"Hey?" whispered Patty, taking one of the girl's hands, and laying her breast, red hand upon the marble brow. "How cold she is!"

"She ain't dead!" uttered Michael, starting back.

"Lord of mercy!" I hope not. But she's dreadful cold, Michael, and her arms hang just as limp as rags."

Patty would have drawn back in her terror, but as she removed her hand from the cold brow, the lifeless form would have fallen to the floor, had she not caught it again.

As soon as the pawnbroker had recovered from the first effects of the shock, he suggested that there might be life left, and they had better carry her to the bed. So Patty lifted the corpse-like form in her arms, and bore it to her own bed-room, while Michael and Lodder went at work to see what they could, to bring back any spark of vitality that might be left.

[To BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE JEALOUS WIFE

MR. GASTON'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN

When Thekla Clay was married I offended as bridegroom's man, and Mr. Gaston. I came home from the lawn-party at which I was officiating as usher, for the purpose, by Ernest's especial and strong invitation.

We had been friends, almost brothers, from boyhood, and I could not refuse to grant any request, though I was little accustomed to society. I had a certain reserve of temperament, and a dislike of occupying, even for one evening, so conspicuous a position. But I thought I was cool enough to dare even that, if thereby I could add to the happiness on the auspicious occasion.

Ernest found an iron wrench on the floor, close by where the dead man laid," said Lodder; "and I s'pose that was what he was killed with. Oh, it was awful, Rosa!"

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THE JEALOUS WIFE

MR. GASTON'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN

When Thekla Clay was married I officiated

their teas which I tried to believe was not caused by unhappiness, but rather by the fact that I was not a member of the household, and that there were now larger portions of his life so intimately connected with that of another than I had no right to receive their record.

In the autumn, by a standing engagement, I paid a visit to Ernest and his wife. I had expected to find Mary Raymond and Fanny Lorimer with them, but learned, soon after my arrival, that they had been gone several weeks. It struck me as strange that Ernest should not have mentioned their departure, in his letters, and I must have said something of the kind, or expressed it in my tenderness for the servant who gave me the information added that she thought that Miss Fanny had heard some bad news as she was very unhappy when she went away, that she left very early in the morning, an early, indeed, that Mrs. Clay did not rise to see her off, and that she (the girl) had never seen Mr. Clay look so serious, and pained, and puzzled like, as he did that morning as he stood looking after the carriage which bore the young ladies away.

My own disappointment—for I may as well say here that my hope of meeting Mary Raymond had made me very eager for the visit—did not, at the time, permit me to attach any importance to the girl's statement.

When I went down to dinner I expressed my disappointment in not meeting the young ladies. Mrs. Clay glanced at her husband. His eyes were turned upon the plate he was carving, and there was a deep red flush spread over his face, he made no reply. The lady, therefore was forced to answer, and she said, coldly, that Fanny had been obliged to return home quite suddenly, and that Mary went from some absent whim, had determined to accompany her.

Then she fell into lamentations upon her loneliness, and the cupidity of young ladies, and during the long meals, interrupted only by the civilities of the table, and which lasted half through dinner, Ernest remained unbearably silent.

I was deeply pained by this scene. Though entirely unable to read the clue to it I owned him, I saw and heard enough to assure me that my friendship had proved correct, and that the secret sorrow of my friend was wrecked. It was not until years afterward, when Mary Raymond had become my wife, that I learned what they caused Fanny's sudden journey, and driven Mary, herself, in sorrow and disgust from her sister's door. And this was what I heard. I have said that Mary and Fanny accompanied the bridal pair to their home. There was little society in the neighborhood of Ernest's home, and the party were compelled to rely upon themselves, and their own resources, for amusement. Ernest, as I have said, was a most passionately fond of music. He possessed a rich tenor voice, which had been carefully cultivated, and was no mean performer upon several instruments.

This taste and cultivation was shared by Fanny Lorimer, while neither Miss nor Mary played well, or cared greatly for music. It was by no means surprising that Ernest often sang with Fanny, or accompanied her upon the piano-forte, or harp, and remembering Ella's unfortunate tendency, it is surprising that she was first forcibly subjected to the jealous pains of the loss of her husband's love, then roused suspicions of her friend, when, at the time, she knew to be her most child-like, and unsuspicious of girls.

Three mean feelings grew until their expression could be no longer hidden from those who were the object of them. Mary Raymond detected the trouble. She had vainly remonstrated with her sister, and such warnings as she could give Fanny with out betraying Ella, she had faithfully given. But it was not until the storm burst in fearful invectives and baseless accusations upon Fanny's head, that she fully comprehended the suspicions to which her innocent fondness with the husband of her friend had given rise. She immediately resolved not to return home, and Mary, indignant at the sister's meanness, accompanied her.

This event passed. Ernest was still a lover, and though he could not forget the conduct and the ingratitude of his wife, which had so absolutely reflected upon his honor and the innocence of their youthful guest, he forgave them. And for a time there was at least an outward show of harmony between the ill-matched pair. Ernest gradually withdrew from society, and buried himself with his books, or healed himself with his farming, and, especially when there were ladies in the house, mingled little with the few guests that still visited them. Perhaps this was wrong, for Ella's jealousy had become a mania, and extended to all animate objects of her husband's affection.

Matters were in this state when Mary and I were married. Ernest and Ella came to our wedding, and both urged us to pass a few days with them on our return from our bridal tour. We did so, and I then, for the last time, observed our friends in their home, and saw how both were changed in the few years of their married life. Ernest, even so frank and joyous, had become a silent, thoughtful man, on whose head, gold hairs were not the seal of many a distinguished hope, while the once gay and blooming Ella, over irritable and impatient, with a restless, suspicious glance in her eye, and a querulous tone in her once pleasant voice, was fast losing the beauty that had formerly distinguished her, and becoming a shatterely, premature old woman.

Soon after our marriage Mary accompanied me to Europe. She died in the second year of our marriage, and I, lonely and unhappy, with a constant yearning for change that brought me no rest, became a wanderer. I visited many lands, wandering through nearly all portions of the eastern hemisphere. For ten years I led this aimless, vagabond life. Then a sudden desire led me to return to my paternal home. Not finding together my scattered effects, I set sail as soon as possible, and one morning in late Autumn, twelve years absent from the time I left home, I found myself again traversing the streets of my native town.

Almost my first inquiry was for Ernest and Ella. For years I had scarcely heard from them, for chance wandering life cut me off from any but chance communication with civilization, often for long periods, and I had gradually ceased to write, or to seek tidings of my friends.

Nine I had and news of the friends of my youth. Ella was the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and Ernest a wanderer, none knew whither. Ella had been the sufferings through which both had passed, but on Ernest had fallen the heavier burden, and in the great sorrow of a life wasted by another's wrong-doing.

In unwedded love, Ernest had befriended a young lady whom some chance had thrown in his company. It scattered not to him that the sweet girl whom he saw in tears that indicated her great distress, was accustomed to be the daughter of wealthy parents, well side and, too happy to repay the debt incurred. She was far from home, among strangers, and pecuniary from her purse having been lost or stolen, and he, caring for her kindly, brought her safely to her parents, to be rewarded with gratitude only too deep for words.

Yet six months had scarcely elapsed ere he found himself the opponent of three cases gratified passion in a court of justice. Ella, not solely enough to comprehend an act of generous courtesy, such as any true man would have been shamed in not offering, had dared to utter her base suspicions. They spread and took form, till the cause of an innocent girl and of an honorable gain were dangled in opprobrium.

The enraged parents sought to vindicate the honor of their child, whom they saw hourly crushed beneath the weight of contempt and suspicion all unmerited. They gained their cause, and Ernest found himself a ruined man, when found to sacrifice his property to appease the fury, and so danger was awarded.

Never until then had he permitted himself to reproach his misguided wife. Then his reproaches, his accusations, and the storm which she had brought upon herself, completed the overthrow of a mind that had yielded to weakness until it became manic. She became a hopeless maniac. Then it was that Ernest gathered up the wreck of his fortune, settled it upon her, as the inmate's trustee, and then wandered away to lose himself among strangers.

Five years later I met a mendicant in the streets of a South American city—a pitiful object, both blind, and bowed by disease and weakness. His outstretched hand asked for alms, and I placed in a piece of silver on the grimy palm. I was about to pass on, when something—I cannot tell how—bethought me of Ernest. I turned and spoke to the squalid creature, in my own native tongue.

The pale face, distorted by many scars, brightened at the sound. The head, with its long white hair, was raised to mock mine. Another moment, and my name broke from those pallid lips—a familiar, and I told the inanimate form of Ernest Clay in my arms.

I had him conveyed to my lodgings, where, a week later, he died, but not till I had learned his eventful story, as I have told it.

What I have told you is but the merest outline of a life of suffering. It was filled with the shames, and pains, and agonies of a proud, sensitive man, to whom the world was a stage, and who as life, when constantly sting by baseless suspicions and petty calumnies, when compelled to act of kindness or of courtesy toward a woman subject that woman to accusations of the most terrible, that dared to nearly undermine the fabric of a spotless reputation—the pen shall know nothing of, and which shall be, in part to hurry on their climax in a public trial, and one by which, with justice fully acknowledged, the victim was reared in fortune, his home destroyed, and his wife left to the mercy of the world, a maniac, and within the walls of a madhouse.

It is wonderful that he became a wanderer, or that he sought death in the battle-field? A volunteer in the service of some one of the petty republics east of South America, he was wounded again and again fully wounded, but the death he sought came not. Disabled and penniless, he became a beggar, and was rescued from a hospital when I met him. He had wandered all day in the burning, sultry, tropical heat, and as he longed to die, he could not receive to die by lingering starvation, and so became a beggar. He satisted the notice of the last friend Fate had left him—him, cared for with unbounded affection, he lingered out his little remnant of life.

A few days passed, and then, amidst the glories of the sunset hour, the wreck of the once noble, genial Ernest Clay drifted out upon the great ocean of eternity, and left me to the mortal sufferings of desolation.

But beyond the dark waters I knew there lay a harbor where the storm-tossed and weary find rest and peace forever!

SONG.

BY MAGAR.

Oh! that my soul could reach that shore where sin, and woe, and pain are known no more! Where all the toils that vex my heart shall cease, And every tear be wiped away by love!

Oh! it is sad that thou should'st no longer Where lonely heart grow sadder with the day— Where every hope that lights my heart is dim, Weighing down with sorrow, and with pain!

Why must there ever be one dark night spell— Why chants my soul with power so strange, so sweet— Why must I ever feel, and ever weep? Why must a heart be made to bear so much?

Oh! it was hard—a most unpleasure deed— A heart that trusted in thee to beguile; Leaving it then to perish in despair, Befriended even of thy passing smile.

Come, oh! beloved—oh! my soul's darling one, Lift from my soul this heavy, heavy gloom, For grief and anguish fill my heart to-day, Grey to my faded life hope's cheerful bloom.

ESTHER WARE;

OR,

MARRYING FOR A HOME

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

Esther Ware grew tired of standing (whilst a coarse fat woman sat) in the dressmaker's shop. Life; she lost her spirits in consequence of living, year after year, without any one to care particularly for her and her interests; she longed for some permanent home, some companion who should be more to her than a mere lady; in short, she was tired of the tread-mill and joyless round of her single existence, and she considered herself ill-used.

Esther had often had her own fair dreams of the future, dreams which had passed away, vanished and high, and called them "Home, sweet Home," and as their footsteps had died away, so had she felt her world to their fall ere fairly finished; and at the age of thirty-four Esther was still at her place behind Madame Mirabeau's counter, and her beloved boarding-place in ——— Square. No one knew what bright, joyous hopes had perished through the brain of the sober and silent woman. She was deep-hearted and pure-minded, for although the turns of married life were always glowing with love, she could not fully appreciate. Esther's idea of marriage was a state more nearly allied to heavenly bliss than any other that earth ever knew. For her the perfect unity of heart and mind, companion, of a family of strife and selfish ambition, was dreadful. More than horrible, it was reckoned what the world called good offers, because she feared that in her heart there was only one to him who offered his hand sufficient to enable her to do but share towards making all those achieve the joy and security of home.

Well did Esther know what is that love which never falleth—except at the will of its object, and hardly then; and conscientiously had she intended never to marry any one for whom she could not feel it; but she was a tired, so depressed, so lonely, that the tempter gained advantage of her; and at thirty-four, a rich man came, who said that he would take her to his quiet home, and make it his care that she should never again work when she ought to sleep, nor walk or stand waiting on customers, when she ought to rest, nor wear for any case or luxury that money could purchase, she gave up the battle; and planning her hand in his, went to the altar, as he supposed, with the strongest affection had and stood upon her, and was at once married. The man had her hand to the door, which she was that day to have quitted for a month in the country, and announced to her employers that they must look for some other lady to fill Mrs. Maitland's place.

"This lady upon my arm I mean," he added, as he and his bride lately bewildered; "for she is Mrs. Maitland. My wife now, and no longer one lady's servant."

Never could then had he permitted himself to reproach his misguided wife. Then his reproaches, his accusations, and the storm which she had brought upon herself, completed the overthrow of a mind that had yielded to weakness until it became manic. She became a hopeless maniac. Then it was that Ernest gathered up the wreck of his fortune, settled it upon her, as the inmate's trustee, and then wandered away to lose himself among strangers.

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"This lady upon my arm I mean," he added, as he and his bride lately bewildered; "for she is Mrs. Maitland. My wife now, and no longer one lady's servant."

Never could then had he permitted himself to reproach his misguided wife. Then his reproaches, his accusations, and the storm which she had brought upon herself, completed the overthrow of a mind that had yielded to weakness until it became manic. She became a hopeless maniac. Then it was that Ernest gathered up the wreck of his fortune, settled it upon her, as the inmate's trustee, and then wandered away to lose himself among strangers.

Five years later I met a mendicant in the streets of a South American city—a pitiful object, both blind, and bowed by disease and weakness. His outstretched hand asked for alms, and I placed in a piece of silver on the grimy palm. I was about to pass on, when something—I cannot tell how—bethought me of Ernest. I turned and spoke to the squalid creature, in my own native tongue.

The pale face, distorted by many scars, brightened at the sound. The head, with its long white hair, was raised to mock mine. Another moment, and my name broke from those pallid lips—a familiar, and I told the inanimate form of Ernest Clay in my arms.

I had him conveyed to my lodgings, where, a week later, he died, but not till I had learned his eventful story, as I have told it.

What I have told you is but the merest outline of a life of suffering. It was filled with the shames, and pains, and agonies of a proud, sensitive man, to whom the world was a stage, and who as life, when constantly sting by baseless suspicions and petty calumnies, when compelled to act of kindness or of courtesy toward a woman subject that woman to accusations of the most terrible, that dared to nearly undermine the fabric of a spotless reputation—the pen shall know nothing of, and which shall be, in part to hurry on their climax in a public trial, and one by which, with justice fully acknowledged, the victim was reared in fortune, his home destroyed, and his wife left to the mercy of the world, a maniac, and within the walls of a madhouse.

It is wonderful that he became a wanderer, or that he sought death in the battle-field? A volunteer in the service of some one of the petty republics east of South America, he was wounded again and again fully wounded, but the death he sought came not. Disabled and penniless, he became a beggar, and was rescued from a hospital when I met him. He had wandered all day in the burning, sultry, tropical heat, and as he longed to die, he could not receive to die by lingering starvation, and so became a beggar. He satisted the notice of the last friend Fate had left him—him, cared for with unbounded affection, he lingered out his little remnant of life.

A few days passed, and then, amidst the glories of the sunset hour, the wreck of the once noble, genial Ernest Clay drifted out upon the great ocean of eternity, and left me to the mortal sufferings of desolation.

But beyond the dark waters I knew there lay a harbor where the storm-tossed and weary find rest and peace forever!

SONG.

BY MAGAR.

Oh! that my soul could reach that shore where sin, and woe, and pain are known no more! Where all the toils that vex my heart shall cease, And every tear be wiped away by love!

Oh! it is sad that thou should'st no longer Where lonely heart grow sadder with the day— Where every hope that lights my heart is dim, Weighing down with sorrow, and with pain!

Why must there ever be one dark night spell— Why chants my soul with power so strange, so sweet— Why must I ever feel, and ever weep? Why must a heart be made to bear so much?

Oh! it was hard—a most ungenerous deed— A heart that trusted in thee to beguile; Leaving it then to perish in despair, Befriended even of thy passing smile.

Come, oh! beloved—oh! my soul's darling one, Lift from my soul this heavy, heavy gloom, For grief and anguish fill my heart to-day, Grey to my faded life hope's cheerful bloom.

ESTHER WARE;

OR,

MARRYING FOR A HOME

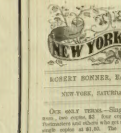
BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

CHAPTER II.

Esther had been Mrs Maitland for a year; and she had discovered that although it was in all sincerity that her husband had married her, he was one of players that she was no longer anybody's servant, he had made an unreasonable sacrifice of his selfish comfortables, and he hated company—he hated it. He was a domestic man, and he had dropped her science on the floor, or hit the poker against the fire, he called that a noise; and if she left her work on the table, or sheet upon upon the sofa, (where she wanted them to be), he called that untidy; and if she sang a little, or played, she vanished in see and knew everything that Esther was, and how she had planned it, he wanted her to be his wife.

When she procured such books as she desired to read, he was at hand to examine and object to them; and many a time had he obliged her to return them unperused. Dry law books and political economy were not very nourishing for a young

THE NEW YORK LEDGER



ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC

Poets and philosophers have speculated upon the probable future of the great American Republic, but not one of the exiled children of the Old World's vision reaches the positive strength and splendor that United States will have attained one hundred or two hundred years from the date. Of soil, between the two great oceans, and United States, there is no region of the North—supposing the Anglo-American race to respect the boundaries of that section—that there is purely for an empire, nor crowded than the British Isles, of three hundred millions of people. The soil embraces every climate of earth, is susceptible of every product essential to human comfort and luxury and is interested from the north to its circumference by natural channels of lakes and rivers, for commerce within itself, or with the nations and nations whose ships traverse them.

At the same our population has increased during the periods between the last three censuses—and that is by every means for believing that the next increase—another century will give the United States a population of two hundred millions. A people established on earth by such a foundation is a fearful millions. Let us imagine for a moment what sons we can see living upon the—the American Union risen to an empire of two hundred millions of free, intelligent souls. From the mountain of the Rocky Mountains, down either slope to the sea, the eye will rest upon an unbroken landscape of farm-cottages, hamlets, villages and cities, with the spire, the tall factories, the mine, the factory, the forge, the mechanic shop, and the grain-field—with industry dredging itself in a thousand channels, and it might be a thousand ways to labor, liberty, and knowledge. The school-house and the church, dotting every hill and valley, will be the silence, the barracks, and the fortresses of the Republic.

Long ere a century rolls by, the present arts and sciences of the world will sink and disappear with railroads, telegraphs, and perchance aerial carriages will exist but the memory of earth and its land and water, and lightning bear the thoughts of its people from ocean to ocean. Simple in its government and institutions; harmonious in the intelligence and fraternity of its population; unbounded in wealth of land and field, and developed in the unity and energy of its communities, it will form a spectacle of empire to whoever in la bondage, of terror to whoever is a tyrant, and of civilization and liberty to all its possessors, such as empire dreamers never yet framed.

The eyes of nations are preparing for such a spectacle, and nothing but the development of the American people can avert it. It is coming as surely as the noon-comb—and as beautiful. Ere then its power, whether it begins grasping the Canadas, or Mexico, or the Islands of the Gulf, will have passed away from those powers that ever. The Northern Continent of the Western Hemisphere and its third headline will be our Union, one and indivisible, and a Republic against which the balance of the world cannot prevail!

THE REASON WHY.

There is a class of persons who are forever murmuring against destiny, and wondering why they fail while those around them succeed. To us, the secret of their failure is no mystery. They are vagaries—dreamers, who believe life is a chance or accident affair, the result of which happens now and then, and not the product of fixed and universal laws. No man, except by chance, can succeed in anything, who does not seek out and apply, as a real problem, to be solved by study, earnest, and continuous effort. Life is not magic. Success or undefined; it is school, straightforward, and plain; all its forces and influences applicable, and by method and action since its possessions and intelligence ensued. But to have success implies that who regard life thus, and go forth with a resolute purpose, ever full, to do some deed, some long enough continued, bring one to the mountain's top, no perseverance, after a definite possible object, will accomplish it.

Thousands of young men are ruined by this thought toward the actuality of life. They stand midway between expectancy by chance and results acting, and they never believe that there is a golden mid, or a dark, forbidding cloud. They accomplish nothing, because they have no belief in purpose. They cannot identify their lives, and therefore imagine they have nothing to do. How can they feel full? Providence gives us all power and effort. The wheel springs not up until it is sown; the house must be built before one can dwell in it; fortune, as the general rule, must be molded by toil from the hitherto material as hand. He who sits on the fence surely will not plow his field thereby, nor need he wonder that his harvest in autumn is, therefore, less than his neighbor's, who both plowed and sowed. The man of failure among men are either deliberate idlers or persons who look above the labor adapted to their talents—but many, who little neither talent nor disposition to do, fail because they have no definite purpose in life.

ACCUMULATING.—Our obligations to our editorial friends throughout the country, for favorable notices of the Ledger. Thanks, to one and all!

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

ON VOICES AND BEARDS.

I once believed in voices as reflective of character; it makes me laugh now to think of it. I heard a voice, and if it was high-toned it took it for a proper physicality = the dignity of human nature.

I believed in full beards, also, as a sign of dignity; there's where the laugh comes in—dignity—in a beard. Experience has shown that the morals of the people soon become corrupted where the fashion, instead of being decried is the contemplated of, and, the fact we see in Him and our fathers, and our leaders, is worn by the mass of the people in secular employments, profane revelry, religious spirit, or in traveling in business or pleasure. "Chancellor Alexander."

—The influence of the sacred observance of the Sabbath day is the most powerful agent in the hands of the moral reformer, and the most effective means for the preservation of the physical and intellectual powers, and would do more to prevent the progress of crime than all our prisons and houses of reformation. The effect upon society would be as the influence of spring upon the earth. It would clothe the land with verdure, and make it like the garden of God." Judge Patterson.

—"I always felt myself under obligation to observe that law of the Sabbath day by God himself which he has given to the human race. I remember the Sabbath day, as being a day of rest, and I have uniformly observed and endeavored to impress upon the minds of my children the duty of so doing." Judge Kane.

—"The reverence for the Sabbath day is essential to the preservation of healthy health and mental vigor, as well as to the maintenance of pure religion. Our hopes for prolonging our free institutions most depend, to a great measure, upon the proper and religious observance of the Sabbath day. I do especially warn from the lamentable and impressive errors which have been committed." Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

—"Long observance has convinced me that a huge portion of the evils we endure are to be traced, more or less, to the neglect and desecration of the Lord's Day; and that on that day more individuals in the upper and more cleanly classes of society have a heavy account of responsibility. Judge Edmonds, formerly President of the Senate, and now one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

—Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian nation. Without it, free governments cannot long be sustained. As a civil institution merely, the Sabbath is worth all it costs. It is the only security for the property of a man who from principle, keeps the Sabbath day holy." Chief Justice Gibson, of Penn.

—"God has written the sabbath-truth in the whole face of his creation, and not in the pages of the Bible only, that the people who despise the Sabbath must suffer his frowns." Rev. Albert Barnes.

—"Christian religion owes its existence, and to protect over the conscience of man, to the institution and influence of the Sabbath."—Governor Seward.

—"If the nation is to be saved, the observance of the Sabbath must be restored."—President Mills.

AN OLD MAN'S OPINION.

We received the following letter from the postmaster at Pipestone, Mich., some time ago, and have kept it before our readers for a few days:

MR. ROBERT BONNER.—Sir: I wish to continue taking your paper, though I am a subscriber only for the sake of the name. I have been a reader of newspapers for half a century, and have found myself at the head of every list I ever belonged to, excepting those that are strictly religious. I have taken the Ledger from the first number, and have been more than ever grateful for it than any former publication, to whom you referred in your last issue. I am a subscriber to no religious paper, and have been for years to come. YOURS, very respectfully,

WILLIAM BOWDISH, P. M.

We are proud to count among the friends of the Ledger an aged and venerable man like Mr. Bowdish. His letter sends a thrill of joy through our entire frame. To receive the commendation of a subscriber who is drawing towards the close of life, is to receive the richest reward of labor, and that such are one should prefer "strictly religious papers" is creditable both to his head and heart.—It shows that he is very properly thinking about those things which pertain to his eternal well-being May the remainder of his life be happy and peaceful is our most devout wish.

MILK WAGONS.

We all drink milk. That, we believe, is an admitted fact. Not replete our physician in ordinary, we do not all drink milk. We believe that we drink milk. Well, so be it. The adulteration of milk is so notorious, that we took it for granted that everybody knows it, and all sensible people do. The knowledge of the fact. What we want to call attention to now are the milk cans. Have you ever noticed them, reader? If you have not, just watch them the next time you meet one of your dear. They are covered with rust and filth. One can tell at a glance that they are never cleaned inside or out. The way in which they stand is generally half filled with nasty, rotten straw or hay. The man who sells the penny and so dirty as his cans are. The whole affair is so sloppy and disgusting, that we wonder why it does not disgust the eye of the breakfast-table, that the milk-jug becomes abhorrent, and one's coffee absolutely distasteful as medicine. We have process appointed for the regulation of butcher's meat; why not for that of the examination of milk wagons? It is too bad to be obliged to suffer such daily indecencies to pass unnoticed.

FEMALE CULTURE.

—Virtue commands good men's respect, and all men's love; but beauty commands only men's eyes.—Jeremy Collier.

—Female culture in our day seems to consist almost solely in a systematic round of non-essentials, and in the most superficial acquirement of fashionable accomplishments. Intellectual culture, in the comparatively few cases in which it is enjoyed, becomes hard, and to avoid those indurating features of a "strong-minded" woman call them, which parents think so essential to a daughter's "finished education." A due culture of the heart, which would render woman the ministering angel of humanity, is omitted, as if it were a matter of no consequence to her future. Indeed such culture is quite out of fashion now—it belonged to the good old days of our grandmothers.

—Sir Thomas Bodley Gurney has a conception who has been acting type for it since 1816, a period of forty-two years.

That's nothing. The late George Goodwin, of Hartford, worked "at case" off and on for upwards of seventy years in the Courant office, and the old gentleman informed us himself a short time previous to his death.—The Ledger.

WHO OATS.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in when you are young, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, a weak legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with small pills and nervous preparations. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in its cultivation.

—A "Bore."—Simon Snipes, on hearing that Powers the sculptor was "at work on a bust," exclaimed that she couldn't see how any man could do much when he was on a bust. "There's that Jim Ferguson," she said, "he's been on a bust ever since he had that stubborn dollar bill paid him, and he aint good for nothing whatever to work."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY THE EDITRESS.

That Greeks showed a due appreciation of the Stones of things, when they made the word slumber synonymous with death. Sleep is, literally, sex in all certain nonsensical, for their wakes in this wonderful as a great way, and never open their mouths from the moment they begin to speak. They find the fair character of others, because they have none of their own, and with this advantage, that detailed reports can never be found upon them. The only defence for their errors and ceaseless acts of calumny is that backbiters cannot be prosecuted for it any more than Perhaps, though, they have something like a value for the truth, but they are so much accustomed to lies that they have been converted to evil, for their very words. Ring them, let us die follow justice.

Silence is a thing which it is often difficult to keep in exact proportion as it is dangerous not to keep it. It is up find that we cannot even speak of a subject freely, and yet it is resisted as easily as it was destroyed. Few people appreciate the value of this mysterious quality All men and all women, when they talk, think they are conferring a favor upon those who hear them; because they do.

GOTTSCHOK JOHNSON, of Tennessee, who lately gained notoriety on having seen from a stable, complains that a couple of political barbers have been opened upon him from opposite directions. It may take the pair of barbers longer to make a pair of breeches than it need to take him to make a pair of shoes.

CHRISTMAS EVE, one of the Mormon apostles, boasts, that, if he knows himself and the spirit that is within him, he will "have more weight to make a regiment by three saints." We have all heard of the "daughter of the legal tender," but the father of this interesting young gentleman is now to our knee.

LIBRARIANSHIP, in one of his beautiful effusions likens the formation of a poem from a thousand thoughts and images to the formation of the rainbow out of the sun, and gold, and hues of the earth. We are afraid that, in this comparison, he has hit the number of many pretty spirits as correctly as the mists of its procession.

A YOUNG LADY, in Boston, went to the house of a young woman, by appointment, to be married, but, finding her absent, left a note and went home. It seems the new married lady had known this a week, and wasn't at all pleased with the joke.

THE Boston Post says that "Mr. Bonner has a very odd gentleman, and a preacher." why people always called a preacher odd, we don't know. Perhaps, because, as Pope says, "I suppose," repeat the preacher. "that they call his sheep the congregation."

PEOPLE of genius, though they usually suffer much from poverty, should never regret the heavenly gifts. Should the butterfly wish to lose his shining wings for the comforts of the worm? Should the worm envious of the atmosphere?

IT is the received opinion that men find straightforward than the best for success. We suppose they do, and that is why the "straightforward" generally get the best of it in the long run, and the others don't.

THE habit of mud-talking seizes a man by the nose, and he cannot shake it off. No sickness money generally had doubled that man would be a gentleman. Even then he would be a gentleman with a bad nose.

WHEN men undertake to extricate themselves from difficulties by getting subscriptions got up for them, they are paying their creditors by losing their friends.—Boston Post, quoting from Dr. Johnson.

A WOMAN complains in one of the Eastern papers that her husband kept her in bed for seven days in a cot'ed. Can they find nothing better to beat of than the Bible, in the East?

MRS. CHARITY PERKINS, of New Orleans, came home and found a note on the door-sill. "Dear Charity was suspected of having unbalanced the door.

ONE of our writers says that the sons of miserable are the laziest. We think it likely that opinions are, for they have the benefit of their father's labor as well as.

"MR. B.," said a judge upon the bench to a very pompous attorney, who was addressing the court, "you—sir," said the advocate, "the court has no dignity."

THE Boston Post says that "Mr. Bonner has published, a little collected, a little interested as a article; and to that extent we are his collaborateurs."

SOMEBODY, says a good-for-nothing old bachelor, is the paper of matrimony, and the ink of love, and paper-boys.

FEMALE physicians are becoming common in some of our large cities. They are supposed to be adepts in the science of love.

IF LOVE is represented blind, perhaps Hymen should be represented as a man who has married a widow.

THE tongue, like a race-horse, generally runs fastest when it has no load.

GOOD nature, like a glow-worm, sheds light even when it cannot burn.

PERHAPS a majority of persons are far less ashamed of having done wrong than of being found out.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE Brigham Young's last reported speech, or sermon, he called the United States troops rant against him as "a band of scoundrels;" and says that he thought in the mess at the base of the Rocky Mountains, with any three scoundrels he ever saw. He said he had influenced such to draw all their artillery, baggage, and camp equipage," and that he would not have given a fig for the whole concern, when one shall cleave a mountain, and two shall get into the mountain." We are glad to see that the Mormon leader has the same opinion of the United States troops as we entertained.

THE Boston Evening Gazette says that a conjecture who has been using type for it since 1816, a period of forty-two years.

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—A LEARNED SPECIALE.—To see a strong, able-bodied man, who has been tugging in search of a day's work, without success, for months, and to cling tears at his inability to provide bread for a helpless family. We could relish a "helping hand" in such a case!

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—A RELIGIOUS revival is extending and deepening with almost miraculous power. A Newburyport paper says that the excitement there is so great that conversation in the place within a short time.

ELIHU BURRITT, of Connecticut, N Y., while on her way from that place to Pottsville, on foot, to lecture in the snow, and continued saying there for three weeks, and when discovered was frozen as solid as ice.

A CHRISTMAS, named Howell, residing in Orleans, Ohio, recently committed suicide, leaving 4 wife and six children.

A FISHERMAN.

By ALICE CARY.

A fisherman leaned on a shipboard gate
He was not used to people;
'Twas sunset, and his children were playing on the grass.
They watch-dog by the door-sister sat,
And kept all the young moon,
And the fisherman's wife by the gate rose and sang
An old and plaintive tune.

The children left their play and ran,
And, leaning on the gate,
Watched the sailor who left their mouths
Laughing each glad face.

And as she watched her frosky past,
Slow to the watch door
The sailor's wife, who left their behind,
Shed the softest tear before.

She stopped, and hugging both their heads
Against her loving breast,
They looked her two bright eyes dead
By paying from one tear.

The rainbow that went her way,
Sighing also, she:
The sun for her and for little boys
That prayed upon the grass.

And when he came where coral gray stones
Were standing, many a pair,
He put his net from his shoulder down—
His little boy was there.

RICHARD HOFLMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND REVERETTES.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ASSIZES HELD.

The next time Tom Styles presented himself at the chambers of his newly-fledged employer, the latter had an occasion to inquire the result of his visit to *Surrey*—he used to be looked of the reading that of his long scheme of villainy, the confirmation of the fears which haunted him. His wealthy uncle, so stern and relentless towards his erring daughter, had fired his affection upon her son, whom he has saved—snatched from the very threshold of a career of crime.

A most likely way of the manoeuvering nephew; the discovery was a most unpalatable one for it evinced the necessity of an act which several place him in the power of his confederate, a thing he would much rather have avoided.

"I need not inquire the answer, Styles," Cara exclaimed; "I could see by a greater feel than even I gave him credit for."

"Is it then, sir, so plain to be?" said his visitor; "he is at school with a clergyman, where only the seas of gentlemen are received, and his grandfather has been there. It seems that it seems his heart is quite wrapped up in him. So doubt," he added, weighing every word he uttered, in order to increase its effect, "but he intends to make him his heir."

"Perhaps not," muttered Carus, bitterly.

"Or at least a part of the firm. *That is what I should have liked to have done.*"

His hearer smiled; he perfectly comprehended the indirect manner by which the speaker let him know *what* he was attached to the service he required at his hands.

"And that you would have been, Styles," he replied, "but I have not the whole heart in this house; but with *another* to consult, I fear it will be impossible."

"Why, you don't intend to put up with it?" exclaimed the tempter, incredulously.

"Why, what I do?" demanded the tempter, innocently. "Mr. Bently is the master of his fortune, so to dispose of it as he pleases; there is no preventing that. I have no right to control or control in any way on, but the best thing is to submit."

"And see the boy step into your place?"

"Even so."

"And you intend to stand it?"

Carus once more repeated his former question. "What could I do?"

"What can you do?" said the ruffian. "What can you do? I feel so indignant, that were I only assured you would not be angry, my hand will make me a partner, I'll find the means of preventing your rude from making such a fool of himself, and of you, on my own account."

"By whatever I have employer; then, after a pause, he added, " violence is out of the question, at least with my present. I might not hesitate at a stroke of *fame*—but crime, never! never! I must even trust to the chapter of accidents, and leave events to Providence."

"Means to try it himself," thought Styles, and he too took a moment to consider of which of the opposer hereafter.

Carus paid his fee his visit to *Surrey*; and, before dismissing him, gave him strict orders during the ensuing month to keep a close watch upon the proceedings of the new firm of Thornton and Hoffman, and report to him from time to time.

"Wants me out of the way," was the conclusion the disappointed ruffian mentally came to, but witnessed nothing of the anger or expression of discontent to appear, either by word or look.

Styles quitted the chamber with the conviction that he was an ill-used man. He felt disgusted at the want of confidence which was shown by Carus, and the manoeuvre of the latter in undertaking his dirty work himself when he had so fitting an instrument at hand.

"He may do it himself," he muttered, "but I will take care and be paid for it; with all his cunning, he shan't rob me. Doesn't he like the idea of my being a partner? I'll show him I am as good as he, though he is Mr. Bently's nephew, and I can of the disagreeable duty—no, no, Mr. Carus; I have worked for you long enough; it's time I thought of myself."

The blow which Carus meditated was intended to achieve a double purpose. The first was to remove from his path one who threatened to prove a dangerous rival in his designs upon the fortune of his wealthy relative; the second to wound the heart of the woman he hated, through its best affections, love for her lost boy. Singly, it is doubtful whether either of the motives would have proved sufficiently strong to induce him to incur the risk of such a crime; but united, they proved irresistible.

In his evil imagination, the ruffian gloated over the disappointment it would cause Lucy, the ingenious of Hazlehl, and the remorse of George Hoffman; he thought not of himself, the probability of detection, and the punishment which, sooner, or later, overtakes the murderer. Calculation for once was drowned in passion; prudence, in revenge.

There was no feeling of pity for the victim—for the young life he was about to sacrifice—the hopes, aspirations, dreams of the future to be blighted and closed for ever; but, on the contrary, a fiend-like determination to persevere, reckless of everything but the gratification of a wild, frenzied hate.

That same evening there chanced to be a merry audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. The opportunity of purchasing a dirgular was too great to be lost; and about midnight Carus Kearl entered and the numerous people in the Hippodrom in which costumes were let or sold. In one of these he purchased himself a pair of artificial moustaches and a military undress.

"I cannot be recognised in these," he thought. He had pondered well over the crime, and decided upon every phase, as he thought, of detection. Like other criminals, yielding to the

THE RESCUE.

miracles and delight, for each appeared more attractive than the former.

On the third day of his tour he reached a picturesque cluster of rocks which inclose one of the numerous bays on this coast, and, by stretching into the sea, and it hermetically from the rest of the land, so that a person left there at low tide would have no chance of escape unless by boat, or the bucket and cord by which the fishermen descend who put to sea to follow their perilous occupation, first rooting up the stones made fasting their tacks attached to the rocks below.

This scene was a most tempting one and Richard felt a strong inclination to sketch it. But here the discord presented him. He was still strong enough to let himself down, although many of the sailors were in the habit of doing so, for it required a grasp of iron, and a steady eye.

Just as he thought of abandoning his project of descent, a well-dressed man, of a half military look, to all appearance a tourist, like himself, made his appearance on the rock.

"A lovely scene, young gentleman," observed the stranger, approaching him.

"Very, sir."

"An artist, I perceive."

"Only an amateur one."

"Are you about to sketch the spot by?"

"Such was my intention," replied Richard Hoffman, "but I fear I must forego it."

"Why so?"

"I dared not trust to my own unassisted strength to manage the rope, and there is no other means of descent."

The stranger approached cautiously to the edge of the rock and peered over, regarding the bay very attentively for some minutes.

"Is there not a path round?" he inquired.

Richard explained that he was completely the bay was isolated from the rest of the land, a mere segment of sand scooped out, as it were, from the rock, by the waves which at certain times set far into the sea.

The gentleman regarded the rope attentively, and the rude but strong machinery to which it was fixed. "It is a most ingenious contrivance," he remarked.

"I have a certain feeling myself," he said, "and can understand your disappointment. You are not very heavy, and the windlass regulates the descent, so I see no risk to try, I will let you down."

The offer was thankfully accepted by our hero, who, placing himself in the basket, to which he had previously arranged his traps, gave the *obliging* gentleman the signal to let him down. At first the stranger did so very carefully, watching the rope as it descended itself from the cylinder. When the basket was about a third way down he paused, held the crank by one hand, and drew from his pocket a large clasp knife.

"Better cut the rope," he muttered. "No one can see it. It will be but one crash, and all will be at an end."

The blade stuck, and the speaker proceeded to open it with his teeth.

The sharp edged, a carriage might have been seen winding slowly along the road. It was that of Mr. Bently, returning from a visit to *Surrey*. The latter had arrived sooner than he had been expected, and, in his impatience to behold his grandson, started with the carriage at the earliest hour of morn.

Richard, who felt naturally very much surprised at the pause in his descent, called out to know the cause; and became alarmed on receiving no answer from above. In the event of anything having occurred to damage the machinery, he knew that his destruction would be inevitable.

Just at the moment the rope gave way between heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, only in a far less satisfactory manner, jutted a portion of rock, sufficiently large to form a rest upon. A singular vibration of the cord warned him there was danger, and, by swinging from the basket and reached the place of safety just as the rope fell.

An instant later and he would have been dashed to pieces.

So entirely absorbed was the assassin in the accomplishment of his horrible design, that he neither heard the rolling of the wheels over the turf, nor the footsteps of those who quitted the carriage and advanced towards him. The ruffian had drawn himself to the edge of the rock upon his hands and knees, and was peering down, when the clergyman, in a tone of horror, exclaimed—

"The rope has broken!"

"It has been cut," added Mr. Bently.

On hearing the voice of his uncle, Carus Kearn started to his feet and fled, not doubting but he had fully accomplished his execrable design. A fellow dressed in a blouse and shouted him, and, as are generally worn by the peasantry of the Island, who had all the while been watching him, started off in pursuit.

A the" cried the clergyman, in a tone of the deepest anguish, " the poor boy is killed!"

"And I've saved," killed," Mr. Bently uttered a deep groan, and sank senseless to the ground.

Alarmed by the cries of the driver and Mr. Brown, several of the fishermen hastened from the cottages at a distance. No sooner were they informed of what had taken place, than they started in pursuit of the murderer.

"My boy! my poor murdered boy!" murmured Mr. Bently.

One of the fishermen, the oldest of the group which had gathered round the carriage, listened. A faint cry was heard.

"Are any of the blouse out?" inquired the man.

"Not one," replied his companion.

"It must have been the poor fellow's ghost, then."

The cry was repeated, and the more apprehensive, as most fishermen are, would have fled, but not the clergyman remained firm.

"Heaven, perhaps," he observed, "has miraculously preserved him. I cannot leave my friend. But some of you ascertain the boy's fate; you shall be well rewarded."

Animated by the hope of gain, and acknowledging the peculiarity of the case, they dreaded the probability, of any one escaping from such a descent, but ran over to the edge of the rock, and one of them discovered Richard Hoffman, seated on the projecting point which had afforded him a refuge. He was the more astonished that the end of the rope; fortunately, there was more than enough to reach the spot where he had descended with safety. That ascertained, one of the fishermen made a loop of it, and he completed his lowered him down.

It was a moment of intense suspense to all, for no doubt was the neighbor he would be enabled to regain himself sufficiently near the projection, and even in the event of his doing so, whether the momentum, should the youth attempt to catch hold of the rope, might not drag them both off.

The gentleman perceived this first part of the attempt had succeeded; the man had obtained a footing on the rock.

"What has occurred?" demanded Richard Hoffman; for it never entered into his imagination that the rope had been purposely cut.

"An accident, sir."

"I thought so. The gentleman must have been very much distressed."

The honest fisherman remained silent. He judged that it would not do to unnerve the youth by telling him that his life had been attempted.

Although the gallant boy secured him that the precaution was unnecessary, the experienced sailor insisted on fastening him securely to the cord by a bowline, on one of the loops, but his cramed, before he gave the signal to hoist him up.

The precaution was a wise one; for more than the light weight of our hero pressed on the rope to vibrate like the pendulum of a clock; and, before one half his safety depended on his grasp alone, that it would have failed him, and he had been dashed to pieces.

So bewildered did he feel when once more secure on terra firma, that he was some minutes before he recognised either his tutor or Mr. Bently. The latter, overwhelmed with joy at his escape, and still pale with terror and agitation, could only offer up a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

"My preserver!" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Orson Brown, " accept my congratulations."

"My preserver has been miraculous," replied our hero; " but I felt the rope was breaking, and succeeded in obtain a footing on the rock."

"Breaking!" groaned his grandfather, grasping the arm of the youth; " it was cut."

"Cut!" repeated Richard, with astonishment. " Who could have committed such a cruel action? I have never wronged any human being that I am aware of."

Mr. Bently's resolution to conceal the tie between them gave way, in the presence of the danger the speaker had escaped. He pressed him to his heart, acknowledged him to be his grandson, and vowed henceforth he would contribute him with such protection that villainy should be disappointed of its aim.

"My grandfather," repeated the still bewildered boy, gazing on the old man's agitated countenance. "This, then, explains all."

Before returning to the residence of Mr. Brown, the merchant called the fishermen aside them, and distributed the contents of his purse to them. All were rewarded liberally except the man who had descended in search of our hero. He had not received a single guinea.

"What is your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Joseph Turpyllie, sir," replied the honest fellow, in a tone which evinced surprise, rather than disappointment.

"Come to me to-morrow at the residence of this gentleman," said Mr. Bently, " and you shall have no reason to complain of my liberality; the service you have rendered me is one that a mere gainfully caused repay. I must see that your future days are placed beyond the reach of want."

CHAPTER XXXI.

OLD MAN WHITE OF FAITH'S.

It is now time that we return to St. Faith's and the simple race who inhabited it, lest our readers should lose some portion of the kind interest which, while their mind benevolence, we doubt and they already begin to feel for poor Simon Gee, the weaver, and his industrious little flocker. If the kind-hearted old man had yielded to the imprudent life and habits which he would instantly, as the disappearance of Lillian, have set out in quest of her; but his friends represented that he had no clue to guide him in the search, that Mr. Thornton had already sent parties to the police throughout the district; in short, that he was far more likely to behold his sister by remaining at home, than in starting on a hopeless voyage of discovery, without compass to direct his steps.

Hester—a most important point in deciding him —despite her grief, which fully equaled her husband's, was of the same opinion, and from the second day after they left hope grew fainter, and he could endure the state of suspense and certainty no longer.

More than once, when his wife returned to the cottage after any temporary absence, she had found the poor fellow seated at his loom, his hand grasping the shuttle suspended in the web, his head bent down, and so intensely absorbed in the grief that even her return failed to disturb him. It was evident that this state of things neither could nor ought to endure. Her heart was breaking, and a change, even though it terminated in disappointment, was preferable.

Hester was not the only person in the village who suffered from this cause was aware of nothing, which rendered her husband's loom idle, although, as his fame had extended beyond the limits of his native village, one farmer's wife was waiting for the thread she had upon being returned to her in the shape of good sheet linen—a fact which was also a general calamity, and the mistress of St. Faith's very naturally held their husband responsible for the neglect.

It was resolved that Simon Gee should start from home, in a week or two, in search of Lillian. There could be no doubt that the change would confer life in finding her, but the change, it was agreed on all sides, would do him good.

Still it was not without certain, or rather uncertain, misgivings, that Hester consented to the step which the general interest, in some sort, rendered imperative, and prepared the visitors for her husband's departure.

As may be supposed, its contents were not very encouraging—a change or two of linen, an extra pair of shoes, and five pounds carefully sewn up in the waistband of his—but the Greyer or Latine ever were the governed in question, we might have spared our own modesty, and that of our readers, by alluding to it under the classical name but, as they have not, we must use an equivocal expression,—not doubting but it will be generally understood—to describe the

The inhabitants of St. Faith's were merely all assembled to bid the weaver good-bye, and God speed him on his way. Many, and no doubt exceedingly profound, were the cautions, advices and information which were proffered on the occasion. Farmer Mixter, who had been twice in London, and who consequently looked upon himself as somewhat wiser than originally equaled the cheats of the metropolis; to the wife of his bosom, who never was consulted, or how much he carried with him. Mr. Mixter gave him a letter to his brother-in-law, Edward Jones, at the same time securing the said letter at the end of the journey, but not heard of him for more years, Edward Jones would kindly receive him for his sake, and added, that although he had forgotten the name of the street in which his relative resided, Simon would have no very great difficulty in finding it, as every one knew it was a tailor, an excellent workman, and consequently one of the most fashionable.

It was not without pain that Hester saw him depart. Hitherto she had entertained rather a high opinion of her husband's capacity, but the experiment he was not half so simple as the neighbors imagined. Hester, on the contrary, had the long-established hopes of his return, and she took a precaution which, however natural, he had carefully avoided, without its usefulness.

She counted the pounds clerk to write Simon's name and address on a piece of parchment, with a request that, in the event of sickness, accident, or anything occurring to him, he might be sent home, and all expenses should be paid.

This she sewed carefully in the back of his waistcoat, and gave him strict injunctions on no account to remove it. Simon, in his confidence, and the mind of his wife became partially at rest.

He was also furnished with a letter of credit.

The time had already elapsed. The weaver, the village, and the long-established hopes of his return, had visited Lincoln, heard great "Tom," proceeded as far as Norwich, and listened to the renowned St. Peter's renowned peal; visited the acquaintance of the rogues, who, in honor of his appearance, had sung a night's carousal, consisting of three thousand six hundred and seventy-five verses, and returned home almost the worse recovered; indeed, it after years, he frequently boasted of it, and when exercising his craft with the neighbors in his native village, would frequently astonish them by the number of verses he could build, by citing the authority of the Norwich ringers.

Hester had received only two letters since his departure, which she had heard had been read aloud to her friends and neighbors, and commented upon. Despite his inexperience and apparent stupidity, he had obtained no intelligence of Lilly. Her husband had answered—his mind seemed to have recovered its tone.

The brother-in-law of the London tailor was the only one amongst those who heard them who did not coincide in the opinion that Simon had displayed great prudence and cleverness on his journey, for, strange to say, he had neither been robbed in London, nor fallen into the hands of those who are only too anxious to exploit, as our French neighbors term it, the simplicity of the rustic visitor to the metropolis; perhaps that very simplicity had been his protection.

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The farmer's judgment may be deemed rather hasty, when we state that he had no other knowledge than the old oak's not succeeding in discovering Edward Jones in London, so plainly, to, as he had awoke the echoes.

Faithful to his promise, the traveler returned to his village on the very day his hours of absence had expired, and, we need scarcely observe, was warmly welcomed by the single bachelors, who looked upon him with increased respect since he had seen stranger places. They were never tired of listening to his descriptions, especially those of London, the size of St. Paul's, the traffic in the streets, and the number of carriages. More than one silly hinted that he used the traveler's time-honored privilege, when he asserted that there was more snow in St. Paul's than would build six halls as large as Sir Norman Boothroyd's, or a wall round Meltham Park.

It was evident that the journey had done Simon Gee a considerable amount of good. It had roused him from that dreary state of sorrow which is far more dangerous than strong excitement and wicked despair, simply because it is more lasting; and, having devoted two or three days to the glorious of returning to work, the old man felt once more like the quiet creature of ordinary life: his chubby might be heard all day by those who passed. He enlarge desk. The hour was once more at work; and there was little doubt that the good wives of St. Faith's would soon cease to have cause to reproach him with delay in returning their honeycomb thread conserved like good household cloth.

In other words, the weaver was making up the lost time by working hard all day; and his industrious little wife, who had seen her power diminished with regret, began to feel that, after all, the five pounds had been well laid out.

Had there been another weaver in the place, the result might have been different.

For many years Simon Gee had been accustomed, after a hard day's work, to pass an hour in the clean, well-aired parlor of the "Rockbrook Arms." Formerly he had been only a listener; travel had made him one of the chief actors in the story. The clerk no longer pooh-pooh'd his opinions; but, like many other gentlemen, made an appliance with the enemy he at one time affected to despise, or at any rate to disregard.

We have seen a similar instance, only in a more exalted sphere, in our last chapter.

The result contrast was assembled as usual. The party consisted of Mr. Minter and the parish clerk, Absalom Brown, Simon, the weaver of the house, and one or two farmers, yeomen and cotters—for there was very little distinction of class in St. Faith's.

A report had been circulated that Sir Norman had let the Hall for three years to an exceedingly wealthy city merchant, a friend of Mr. Minter's, and they were discussing the pros and cons—the probabilities and improbabilities of such being the case.

"The news be over good to be true," observed one.

"It be soon tyrannical, pore-proud upsters, like Sir Norman," added another.

A third suggested that such was not likely to be the character of a friend of Mr. Thornham—a remark in which all agreed; for the comity magistrate was honored in proportion as he was the idol of the New York's ears and there were even rumors of an intention of bringing him forward to represent the county, in the event of a general election taking place.

Anything to mar their abhorrence of their landlord.

"After all," said Mr. Minter, "it may be only a rumor. Sir Norman, in my opinion, is too proud to let the Hall to any one except the rank of a lord."

The parish clerk shook his head knowingly.

"What does ee mean, Absalom?" demanded several.

"That Farmer Minter be wrong for once."

"Well, that don't often be the case," chuckled Simon Gee, who felt doubly grateful to his neighbor since the interest he had shown, and the sympathy he had so promptly taken, on the night of Lillian's disappearance.

All agreed to this; but requested the clerk to explain himself. He could say he had heard something from the rector, who, in the event of any change of residence at the Hall taking place, would be one of the first to know of it.

"Well," replied Absalom, drawing himself up complacently, for he felt himself about having acquired a portion, at least, of the knowledge "proper to," the fact is that Meltham Park is let."

"Art thee sure?"

"Certain."

"To whom?"

"A very rich city gentleman," replied their informant "named Beatty. He might have been Lord Mayor of London, if he liked—I heard Mr. Thornton tell Dr. Bowdler so myself; but he retained—and distrift as well."

Lord Mayor of London! The assertion was listened to with wonder; for in the minds of his hearers, after the crown, it was the greatest of all earthly dignities; in fact, it was a question with them whether, in the city of London, it was not something greater—a belief very generally entertained, we believe, by those who have the honor of being born within the sound of Bow bells.

"I wonder if the gentleman is to have the Home Farm as well?" observed Mr. Minter.

This was a point on which the parish clerk, who certainly was in with the family, could not negatively the curiosity of his hearers. "Such had been the arrangement at the office at first, but a very unexpected obstacle had offered it."

"An obstacle?" exclaimed several.

"Yes: the steward refused to give it up."

"Refused?" repeated Simon Gee, with ordinary astonishment; "why, it be part his. Sir Norman have granted a lease of it."

"No."

"How can Slicer refuse to give it up, then?"

"Those who can explain what my master has kept him as steward so many years after he became incapable of attending to the property, must tell you that," observed Absalom, knowingly; "we all know that the old man can twine the heroine round his fingers."

"Ay, and untwine him too," added several.

"Main him do as he pleases."

"That be right," added the landlord of the house, "for Norman and he lady had both promised my cousin, who married Fletcher's daughter, the house and five acres of land which lie between the South Lodge and the common. Lawyer Marshall had received orders to draw out the lease—he told me so himself—and Mr. Slicer stopped it, and let the place to Harry Turner, who had greased his palm for his good word."

At this there was a cry of shame; and many speculations were hazarded as to the probable cause of the old man's unbounded influence over a mind naturally so self-willed and despotic as their landlord's.

One suggested one thing and another another; but all agreed that it could arise from no good—that the steward possessed some hold over his master which the latter dared not brave.

"He is a bad man," exclaimed one of the company, raising his glass of ale to his lips. "Here's confusion to the steward, Mr. Slicer!"

The toast was drunk with a laugh, mingled with a few words of execration. Before they had subsided, the door of the little parlor opened, and a man, wrapped up in a heavy top-coat, made his appearance. The first impression was that it was the subject of their conversation himself, so striking was the resemblance.

"Talk of the devil—and you know the rest," whispered the master of the house, who was the last to perceive the mistake.

"Mr. Slicer!"

"It be uncommon talk."

Such were the observations of his friends.

Meanwhile the stranger—who was no other than the steward's twin brother, the returned convict—deliberately folded up his coat, hung up his hat and stick, and took a seat, which happened to be disengaged, nearest the fire. An awkward pause had followed his entrance into the room; the speakers being too single-minded to conceal their embarrassment.

"A cold night," observed Mike.

"Very," said the landlord.

"I have walked from the railway all the way from here; but don't let me disturb you, gentlemen. I shall only stay while the horses are rested by the fire, before I retire to my room."

The party assembled at this latter assured the speaker that they were not in the least disturbed, by his presence; that the parlor was a public one, and that they had been only talking about the weather and local matters.

The stranger smiled and called for a glass of gin-and-water, which Mike the shortness of speech to give to those assertion, for he had overheard a portion of their conversation, thinking a few remarks at the door before he entered.

The likeness between Mike and the steward was so appalling that it was impossible for it to be the latter's conscience extraordinary. The same height, the same form, the same features in all the minor details, the same way connected with ill. Where each suspect of passion and feeling is true; Where the sin conceived in the brain may come to reason, As it booms from the lower to undersea me home.

"Good night, all," said Mike, at the termination of Simon's song; "it was rather a plaintive strain. You should have preferred something a little merrier."

"No doubt, sir," replied the host-singer, "but my voice is not what it was in England and in Australia you must excuse me."

The party soon were after broken up, and the stranger retired to his room, after directing the landlord to call him at seven o'clock the following morning.

On that very hour, Mister and Simon naturally exchanged observations of the extraordinary resemblance between the steward and the new guest at the Rockbroyd Arms. The weaver, who was one of the most scrupulous persons in the world, argued with his accordingly evil-minded likeness, a caprice of nature; not so the former, who suggested that there was a different opinion.

"Can't make it out," he said, "but blood is blood, and I'll be bound that Slicer fellow had never had a brother."

"Or he a brother," interrupted the little weaver. "Why, didn't you know that the steward had a brother?"

"Never heard a word of it till this moment," replied the astonished farmer.

"Well, it be true," said Simon, who was in the humor that Mr. Slicer first came to these parts, or you must have heard of it. There was a bit between them, Sanders, the late barnes's head ground, who threw up his place in consequence, and never brother had been reconciled."

"Then, he, is the man?" exclaimed his hearer. "I thought there must be something more than accident in such a likeness."

"Accident, indeed, and he had never heard of the name before," observed the bell-ringer.

"Well, I'll keep my own counsel, however," a he would not him nothing. My curiosity is roused, that's true; but I'm content to wait. In words, but we shall hear of his visit to the Home Farm."

Here the speakers separated.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

TO A RICH YOUNG WIDOW.

will not ask if thee cared much
To be left a widow rich,
Those silent tears of thine are such
As widows only pitch.
Be quiet, widow, lest too much
Thy sable garments rustle;
Lest some rich brother brush away
Decay tears, I'll take my leave.
Count over thy dividends!

THE MERCIFUL FIND MERCY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Oh! Henry, is it thus you reward me for all these years of patient devotion and unbending faith in you? Are you serious in saying that for a fairer, younger, and more wealthy bride you would desert your former love, and your poor son—oh! do tell me—that this is only a horrid dream, and that we both are not awake!"

Thus cried, with passionate gestures, and agonized features, a young woman to the man several years her senior, who stood regarding her with a cold, determined look. The remainder of the fair movel—and a scene of his heart trouble—as she made her passionate appeal. His face was not that of a heartless villain, but of a weak character. The glance of his cold, blue eye grew more stony still, and a disagreeable smile drew back the corners of his lips, as he replied:

"You were strangely to forget your womanly pride, Agnes. Once I wouldn't have thought of you as one who could stoop to insist that any one should marry her."

The blood which had forsaken the girl's face, and gathered sufficiently about her tortured heart, now rushed in a hot flood back, turning her cheeks to the very hair. She started from her crushed and heart-broken position, and with eyes flashing indignation and scorn, said:

"Nor do I now! Go from this house, Henry Howard! I thank you for disclosing to me so clearly the draught's feel, and the object soul which many a time, I have had cause to fear might be yours. Go! I say. Why do you hesitate? I will not marry you were you to offer me a crown! Do you linger in order to say what shall help me to bear losing you? Kind sir! but be sure that further words are unnecessary. You have said what will be sufficient to support me. My heart will not break. Begone!"

But it were not so, and the false lover wished to go. He was utterly confounded at the mine his treachery had wrought. Was this his meek and gentle Agnes? Was he to be thus turned from the home out of which he had expected hardly to be able to draw himself for her clinging arms, her prayers, and sobs, and kisses. All sweet gentleness—it is proverbial that "still waters run deep." You had better depart.

Howard native is a strange thing. As well as he could love any one but himself. Howard had loved Agnes—and now that no one here in no one—and now that no one here in no one—and now that no one here in no one

PLEASURE, BORN OF PAIN.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

"There is a pleasure born of pain
When all its outward signs depart,—
A triumph, when the steadfast brain
Floats calmly o'er the struggling heart.

By slow degrees this pleasure came
Just as a little rill of rain
Flows slowly o'er a level plain
Before it earns itself a name.

When Hope had folded up her wings,
And Sorrow had me by the hand
To lead me to the Tearful Land
Where Memory in secret stings,—

When Pain had license to bestow
Her malison upon my heart,
And I had borne my bitter part,
And tasted of the fruit of wo,—

When suffering with sore defeat,
And wounded by the shafts of Shame,
I sought to hide my guilty name,
And gathered ashes round my feet,—

Then, then it was, just when the night
Was darkest, that there came to me
The first wave of that endless sea
Whose waters give a calm delight.

There was a pleasure for my pain,
There was a triumph in defeat,
The bitter slowly changed to sweet;
And Reason was enthroned again.

Above the breakers of my heart
A calmness floated, such as gives
A strength to him who truly lives
And firmly acts his little part.

The pain—the struggle—were not long
I heeded not their transient power,
For in that short and bitter hour
I learned to "suffer and be strong."

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

You should have known Nellie Clark. She was one of the prettiest, sweetest, and most loving girls in the whole village. Yet there were those who said she was very far from being handsome or engaging. Mrs. Longpurse, who had three very plain, but very marriageable daughters, of uncertain age, solemnly declared that Nellie was a plain, uneducated, pretending miss. And the widow Redand Whitepaint, whose only daughter had lost a host of lovers, gave it as her fixed opinion that poor Nellie was a *very* ordinary girl; while Mrs. Veripious, who spoke so much in meeting, had been heard to whisper, in a sort of sorrowing way, that young Miss Clark wasn't any better than she ought to be. Nellie knew all this, but she laughed as blithely as ever, and seemed not to lose a particle of her joy.

Perhaps, however, Nellie had heard what some other people had said. For instance: there was the widow Meekly, who had been laid up with the rheumatics for many years. She said that Nellie's presence had done her more good than all the medicine in the world. And then Mrs. Thankful, whose little boy had such a bad hip-complaint that he could not walk, often said, with tears in her eyes, that Nellie was an angel. How could her poor lame boy have gone to school all winter if Nellie hadn't dragged him on her sled? Yes—Nellie knew all this, too; and while the cold winds of calumny were shut wholly out, the warm sunshine of the love she earned penetrated to her soul.

But Nellie Clark was poor in worldly goods. Her father had been dead many years, and she and her widowed mother lived all alone in the little dark cot, by the edge of the wood, supporting themselves by such honest labor as they could obtain.

Of course such a girl as Nellie must have had lovers, though she had not many; for she was only eighteen, and had not been old enough to think of such love a great while. But there were only two whose attentions she could like. The first was Augustus Waxford, and the second was Roland Gilson. They were both born in the town, though they moved in different spheres now. Waxford had studied law, and just commenced practice in his native village, while Gilson had learned the joiner's trade, and could only work at building houses.

Somehow Nellie fancied Waxford most. His manners were so pleasing, and his conversation so entertaining; and then he was handsome, and always looked so neat and prim. And we will not say that Nellie Clark, in her pure innocence, did not sometimes fancy that 'twould be more agreeable and fashionable to be a lawyer's wife than the wife of a mere mechanic. But, be that as it may, she finally preferred Augustus Waxford, and was forced to tell Roland that he must love her only as an old playmate and a friend; and when Roland had gone away from the cot, and she saw him leaning against the old gate-post in the moonlight, and knew that he was sobbing, she went into her bedroom and wept an hour.

Away in the deep wood, half a mile from Nellie's dwelling, there was a little old hut, in which lived a little old man, whose name was Aaron Perry. He had lived there a dozen years, and all that people knew about him was, that he lived very poorly; went meanly clad; and seemed to have no friends. He came to the village sometimes to sell berries which he had picked, and once in a while he bought a little tea and sugar. He was a curious-looking man, being over eighty years of age; small and bent; with long, white hair and beard, hanging low upon his back and breast; and always walking with a long, stout staff. He was known as the Old Man of the Wood, and many people who knew him well knew him by no other name. Where he came from was a mystery, as he would never give any information upon the subject.

One day Nellie thought to herself that she had not seen the old man pass her cot for some time, and she wondered why it could be. He had to go by there on his way out from the wood, and it had been his custom to stop there and rest. Something must be the matter, for it was early spring, and the weather was very pleasant; so she resolved to go and see at once.

When Nellie reached the hut, she found the old man sitting in his chair, with his brow upon his hands. He seemed to be very weak, but a new light gleamed upon his face as he saw the sweet look of his fair visitor.

"Why, Uncle Aaron—what is the matter?" she asked, sinking upon her knees before him, and taking both his hands in her own. She looked so earnestly, and so tender, and so loving, that the old man's lips trembled for some moments before he could answer.

"I have been quite sick," he finally said.

"Sick! And who has taken care of you?"

"Nobody."

"What! sick all alone!" cried Nellie, with emotion. "Oh—why didn't I think before! I ought to have known that something was the matter. But you shan't be sick so any more, for I will come every morning and every evening, and take care of you."

"But I cannot pay you, my dear child," he said, gazing into her face with a sort of bewildered look.

"You are naughty to talk so, sir," she returned. "Mercy on me, what should I be good for if I couldn't help people that needed it?"

"But then you ought to have some pay, child." And as Aaron spoke he looked very sharply out of his little gray eyes upon the lovely presence.

"And don't I have pay, sir? Isn't one word of gratitude from a true heart worth more than money? If you had money I'd hire somebody to come and take care of you; but as you haven't got any I'll do it myself. So cheer up, and let me be your nurse."

Nellie would hear no more argument, but went at work as soon as possible to make the old man comfortable. She made him some tea, and fixed up matters as best she could, and finally took her leave. In the evening she came again—and again in the morning.

In a few weeks the Old Man of the Wood could walk out, but it was only by leaning upon Nellie's arm. She had become necessary to his very life, and the only regret he ever expressed was that he could not repay her.

"Very well, sir," she would say, "bring on your money, and I'll take it and hire a nurse for you, and turn my attention elsewhere; for there are plenty that need nursing who have no money."

One evening, away into the summer-time, old Aaron called Nellie to his side, and bade her sit down. Then he took a silver snuff-box from his pocket, and patted it with his finger. It was old, and much worn, and quite large, and seemed to have been once elaborately engraved, though but little of the graver's work could be seen now.

"Listen to me, child," he said, "and be very attentive, for I am going to tell you something about this old silver box."

Nellie knew by the old man's look that he was going to tell her something of importance. So she drew her stool close up before him, and gave him her whole attention.

"I think a great deal of this old thing," he said, patting the box familiarly. "My father gave it to me on his dying bed. It was given to him by a soldier, whom he nursed in the woods after a hard battle. So, you see, it is a sort of a memento of good—a kind of pledge of gratitude. Well—when my father died, I was left all alone. My mother had died before, and I never had any brothers or sisters, nor did my father ever have any; but my mother had a sister—a young sister, who has since been married. However, this young aunt did'nt have a home of her own then, and I was thrown out upon the world. I went to sea, and visited foreign countries. I had very good fortune, and then I had very bad fortune. I grew old, and had no friends. I thought of my aunt—the only relative I had, and I went to her. She was in a comfortable home, and had a wealthy husband; but she did not wish to know her poor relative. She said she could not be bothered with me; and I left. Finally I found this old hut, and here I determined to spend the rest of my days. I had become sick of the world—of its heartlessness and falsehood—and I wanted to leave it. I had vowed that I would give this old box to the truest friend I ever had; but for a long time I feared I should have to bury it in the ground. However, I shan't have to bury it now. I shall give it to you, my sweet child; and I know you will keep it as a slight token of my love and gratitude. I can't live long, and when I am dead and gone this must be yours."

Nellie was deeply affected, and said she hoped he would live a long while yet; but still she promised to accept the box, and assured the old man that she should prize it very highly.

"Where do you go so often into the wood?" asked Augustus Waxford, as he sat one evening by Nellie's side.

"Oh—I have a patient there," she replied—"poor old Uncle Aaron. He has been very sick. You must go with me sometime and see him."

"What! Me go? No, no, Nellie—I'm in better business than that. And I wish you wouldn't go so much."

"Not go, Augustus?" uttered the maiden, in surprise. "And why not?"

"Because there's no need of it. It don't look well."

"But he had no other friend in the world. He might die if I didn't care for him."

"Then let the town care for him."

"But he won't go to the town for help."

"Then let him go without help. Zounds! if we are to nurse up and wait upon every poor beggar that happens to fall sick, we should have our hands full."

Nellie felt as though she had seen a serpent coiled up in her companion's bosom, and she could not avoid the shudder that crept over her. She managed to change the conversation, but she could not feel easy; and when Augustus went away she could not for the life of her smile, as had been her wont.

Ere long Nellie was told that her lawyer had been visiting at the great brick house of Mrs. Longpurse; and in a little while afterward she met Augustus in the street, with Octavia and Cleopatra Longpurse upon his arms. He did not bow to her—he did not seem to know her. Nellie went home, but she did not cry. She reasoned and philosophized awhile, and then put on her hood and started for the old cot in the wood.

When the maiden entered the hut, whom should she find there but Roland Gilson. He had come to nail up some of the chinks upon the roof through which the rain could drip, and had just completed his work. Before anything could be said beyond a mere salutation, a boy came in, short-breathed and flurried, with a letter in his hand.

"Here," said he, as he handed the missive to Nellie; "the young 'Squire gave it to me, and told me to be sure and put it in your hands. I went to your house, and you'd just gone, so I followed on. Hope I've done right, Miss Nellie."

Nellie said, "certainly;" and as soon as the boy had gone she opened the note and read it. It was as follows:

"MISS NELLIE CLARK—I am obliged to request that henceforth you will consider all engagements which have heretofore existed between us at an end. I do not think we should ever live happily as man and wife. Our stations are different, and our tastes are different. I hope you will see this in the same light with myself. While I trust that you will not object to my seeking an alliance suited to my position in society, I hope that you may be happy with some one better suited to you.

With sentiments of profound regard, I remain your friend and well-wisher. AUGUSTUS WAXFORD."

A tear started to Nellie's eye, but she dashed it quickly away; and then, with her pretty lips tightly compressed, she deliberately tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and cast them from her.

"What's the matter?" the old man asked.

"Augustus Waxford has found a richer woman for a wife than I am," she calmly replied, "and he hopes—no, he *requests* me to consider all engagements between us at an end. He says he is going to marry some one nearer his own station, and he hopes I may do the same."

Roland Gilson started up from his seat, and went and looked out through the little square window.

"Are you very sorry?" the invalid asked.

"No—I am very glad. I knew a long while ago that we were not suited to each other. I have been very foolish. I ought to have known that he was above me in station."

"Yes—so he is," replied the old man, with a slight twitching of the face, "as a boy is above his class when he stands on the desk, with a fool's cap upon his head. But—here—let me whisper in your ear: When I talked to Roland about you, he cried. *He* isn't above you in station. What? crying? Well, I declare. But—never mind. I see, I see, I see. You'll take Roland with the old snuff-box, won't ye?"

It was near dark when Nellie went home, and of course Roland walked with her. They said but little, and even that was concerning the Old Man of the Wood. But they walked often together along the narrow path after that, and Nellie began to feel happier than ever before.

One day Augustus Waxford, Esquire, was married to Miss Octavia Longpurse. All the aristocracy of the town were present at the interesting ceremony, and the thing was done up in fashionable style. The thirty-odd years (Mrs. Redand Whitepaint said over forty) of the bride were partially hidden by paint and curls, and she would have looked very interesting if she hadn't possessed such a tenacious faculty of looking almost everything else.

And at the very time when the wedding guests were assembling at the great brick house Roland and Nellie were walking home from the old hut in the wood. Roland had asked the question which he asked once before, and Nellie answered him with tears and smiles—not such tears as were shed in the time agone; but happy, joyous ones, which were quickly kissed away as the vows were sealed.

In the early morning, when Autumn had come, Nellie stood alone by the bedside of the Old Man of the Wood. The invalid's breath came slowly and heavily, and his eye had grown very dim.

"Here is the box," he whispered, drawing the old silver memento from beneath the coverlid, and handing it to his fair nurse. "Take it and keep it in memory of me. You know why I give it to you. Guard it sacredly, for it is a trust which I put into your hands."

With a trembling hand Nellie took the box and put it in her bosom, but before she could make any reply the old man was seized with a sudden convulsion, and seemed to be in deep pain. At that moment the doctor, whom Nellie had sent for, entered the hut.

"It is all over!" he whispered, after he had felt the old man's pulse awhile.

"And must he die?"

"He is dead now, my child."

Nellie could hardly believe it, but when she saw how still he lay, and how dull his eyes had grown, and that the breath was hushed, she knew that her charge had passed into better hands. The old man had died almost as he ceased speaking.

The doctor promised to send help, and Nellie waited there all alone with the dead until it came. Then she saw all done that could be done, and when night came she left watchers with the body.

Aaron Perry was buried in the village churchyard, and though few followed his mortal remains to their final rest, yet warm tears were shed upon his grave.

"Roland," said Nellie, after they had been married a week, and had fully entered upon the happiness they so well deserved, "see what I found in the silver snuff-box old Uncle Aaron gave me." And she handed him a slip of paper upon which was written, in a tremulous, scrawling hand—

"I could not use this, though it is the result of years of toil and hardship. I had hoped to spend it with my aunt, but she turned me from her. I give it to you because you are the dearest friend I have to leave behind me, and the first who has shown disinterested love for me since my father died. AARON PERRY."

"But what does he mean?" asked Roland, after he had read the note.

"Here it is. I found this neatly rolled up in the box with it. I confess I can hardly understand it."

Nellie handed to her husband a small, paper-covered book as she spoke, and when he opened it he found it to be a Savings-Bank book, and within was a certificate of deposit of forty-nine thousand and some odd dollars. It was in the name of Nellie Clark.

For a long time the young couple puzzled over the strange book in perfect wonderment; but finally it was arranged that they should both go to the bank on the following day and find out what it meant. So early the next morning Roland brought a wagon to the door, and he and Nellie rode off. The bank was nearly twenty miles distant, and they reached it in season to do their business before dinner.

The mystery was very soon cleared up. From the officers of the bank they learned that nearly twelve years before, Aaron Perry deposited with them over twenty thousand dollars, and that it had remained untouched since that time, and had now more than doubled. Also they learned that during the summer last past the old man had had the whole transferred to Nellie Clark.

"And is it all mine?" Nellie asked, in bewilderment.

"Yes," replied one of the officers. "It is all yours, to do with as you please. You can draw it all out immediately, or you can draw just such sums as you want, at such times as you please."

It was some days before the emotions of Nellie and her husband became calm enough for cool calculation. They were very happy and very grateful.

"But not a whit happier than before," said Roland, stealing a kiss.

"Only a new source of happiness," added Nellie, "from which others shall receive as well as we."

By-and-by Augustus Waxford, Esquire, opened his eyes to a most extraordinary pair of facts. The first was—He had married a shrew of an advanced age, whose wealth lay buried with her youth, she not possessing a hundred dollars in the world. The second was—The poor, lowly Nellie was worth fifty thousand dollars in her own right, and he had lost her all through his own foolishness.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he pondered upon the subject, "I wouldn't have been in this scrape if I'd known what that old man was made of."

Perhaps it was at the very same time that Nellie said to her husband—

"Oh—I'm so glad I didn't know that the Old Man of the Wood was rich, for if I had, I shouldn't have enjoyed all the care I bestowed upon him."

THE only real happiness consists in the practice of benevolence, and the only real glory is the admiration it excites.

HOW TO SETTLE HIM.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Thomas Ledyard was too rich to need to attend to business, and too lazy to desire to; therefore, he "retired," and, as a matter of course, became a nuisance to himself and to everybody else. This is what a man or a woman with "nothing to do" is almost certain to become, as has been often proved.

Mr. Ledyard had been a fair sort of man. His wife had thought herself a most fortunate woman when she awoke one morning, and found herself Mrs. Ledyard. Alas! poor lady, she didn't know how wealthy her husband would become, nor how early he would retire from business.

We all have cause to change our opinions many times during life, and Mrs. Ledyard, now thought that it was possible that many other women were, to say the least, *as* fortunate as she was. Her husband grew more and more surly, meddlesome and captious, every day of his life. He was round the house and round the house and in the ladies' chamber, annoying visitors, tormenting his daughters, and abusing the servants from morning till night. He didn't really *mean* to be ugly and disagreeable—he was not aware that he *was* so; but, as his wife feelingly observed, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

The worthy woman bore on silently till her heart became too full to carry its burden any longer alone. Then she overflowed into the sympathizing bosom of a certain lady friend of hers, called Miriam.

"Oh! Miriam—Miriam, what shall I do with Mr. Ledyard? I don't know but what he will kill me, and everybody in the house. He is in everybody's way—hindering, pestering, and snubbing everybody—and keeping the house in constant distress. He shows himself so queer to visitors that I am greatly mortified, and the girls are nearly beside themselves with vexation and shame. A gentleman can't show one of our daughters the most common attention, but what her father will take it up, and call the man to account. Poor Hattie was fastening in a loose lining to Mr. Shaw's straw hat the other day, and her father coming in, became instantly angry, and asked her, in a tone so loud that Shaw heard and reddened painfully, if she expected to become that young gallant's wife. The girls say justly that they shall soon be entirely neglected, and become the laughing-stock of all the town, in consequence of the absurd conduct of their father. There is no possibility of keeping him out of the room when there is company, and he is always certain to annoy and offend some one. And to think that this man is the very same person that I was so proud and so glad to accept as my husband. How different are the realities of life from its imaginations!"

"True, Louise, I often think of my own girlish visions of matrimony, and contrast them with what the reality has been. *My* hero, whom I worshiped, has become a tired and sleepy boarder and lodger, who snores exceedingly; my bower of delight is a great house that is forever needing to be swept and dusted; the delightful occupations of domestic life have resolved themselves into seeing to servants, and waiting and tending on children. Ah! I used to fancy the sweet enjoyment of caressing the fair children of the husband of my love; I never thought of their dirty faces, their dirty clothes, their vicious little capers, biting and scratching when they ought to kiss; kicking, squalling, and looking shamefully homely, when company to whom you particularly desire them to recommend themselves comes in; and as to their mortal hatred of sleeping when they most need sleep, and are cross as X without it, I knew nothing at all of that. But this husband of yours—we must see to him; for there is no sense, nor any piety in living as you say you do, where it can be avoided."

"No, if it *can* be avoided."

"Well, my dear, it certainly can. Do you know that I would keep that man *asleep* three quarters of his time, if he were *my* husband?"

"Asleep! how?" exclaimed Mrs. L., in astonishment.

"Why, as my mother used to keep a wild brother of mine asleep. He used to be too fond of the theatre, &c., always wanted to be out nights, and mother, in desperation, went to the doctor, and after telling him her trouble, asked him if there was not some powerful but innocent sleeping potion that she could put into Marco's tea or coffee, and thus induce him to go to his bed, instead of out to places of amusement and dissipation. The doctor gave her something that she used for years on that boy, and he was never aware of it. He often wondered why he was so sure to grow sleepy at the very thought of the theatre, but finally concluded that home and bed were much more desirable than the finest play."

"You wouldn't serve *your* husband such a trick," said Mrs. Ledyard, hesitatingly.

"*My* husband! give *him* a sleeping potion! My dear Louise, you are out of your mind. I'd much rather give him a dose of laughing gas. He is too sleepy now to be any company for me. Besides, my dear, James never interferes with household matters, and never finds fault where it is not needed. He is good-natured to a fault."

Poor Mrs. Ledyard sighed.

"My husband's faults do not lie in that direction. I wish they did. But I'm afraid I might hurt him if I went to giving him things to make him sleep."

"Not if you give him the powder we used to use on Harry. Why, judge for yourself. Is there a more robust, quick-witted, business-like man in town than that same brother of mine? He is a likely and prospering man, and all owing to that powder. You know the homœopathists give medicine for ugliness, now you try it, and see if you don't like the effect."

When Mrs. Ledyard approached her house that same forenoon, she saw one of her daughters coming to meet her bathed in tears, an open letter in her hand.

"What is it, my child?" asked the mother, in alarm, though she saw that there was no black seal upon the letter.

"Oh! ma, what shall I do? There is that gentleman that I told you boarded at my uncle's in the city, and who was so kind and attentive to me, coming this afternoon to L., and this evening he says he shall do himself the honor to visit me. Now, you know, when pa talks as he *does* to people, when they only come in from about town to see us girls, what will he say when this stranger comes so far to call on me? I am frightened to death. I want very much indeed to see this gentleman, but I'm sure I shall die if he is treated as others are who come here. What *shall* I do?"

"My dear, you must do the best you can. Perhaps something will occur to prevent the mortification you anticipate. At any rate, hope for the best, and cheer up to receive your visitor in a becoming manner."

But it fell out then, as it generally does, that it was a great deal easier *saying* "cheer up," than it was doing it, and Miss Vaginia was in a fair way to make herself entirely unfit to be seen before evening. In this distress Mrs. Ledyard's resolve was taken. She went to her daughter, and told her to stop her weeping directly, and to trust in her promise that no mortification should befall her in consequence of her father's behavior.

"How do you know, mother? *You* can't hinder him from doing and saying just whatever he has a mind to do and say, and you know he *never will* go out when anybody wants him to."

"Never mind, child; I have passed my word that you shall not be annoyed; now all that remains for you is to believe it, and to take all the pleasure you desire in the anticipation of seeing your friend from the city."

Vaginia thought this rather mysterious, but she had great confidence in the word of her beloved mother, and therefore was able to overcome her depression of spirits, and to appear at the tea table in her usual good looks. Mr. Ledyard was uncommonly fractious during all the repast, and the accustomed gloom settled over the family; but before long it was observed that the head of the head of the house appeared to be quite too heavy for his neck to support—in fact, Mr. Ledyard nodded several times most vigorously. He was astonished at his own sleepiness, and rebelled against it quite as determinedly as babies do when their cradle time comes. But our gentleman's efforts were attended with less success than often crowns *theirs*.

Every moment he was farther gone.

"Louise," he said, "seems to me I'm very tired and sleepy. I'm afraid I'm not quite well."

"Oh! I guess it's not that. You know you've been riding in the wind, and that's apt to make one sleepy. You look perfectly well, but *do* seem tired. Perhaps you'd better lie down a little while."

"No—I guess I can overcome this dullness. I want to make out all those bills this evening, and have the girls help me. Vaginia, go and bring down the books. I shall want you with me till ten o'clock."

Vaginia turned her dismayed face motherward. There was encouragement there. She arose to obey her father's command. Smash went something. She turned; her father had dropped his saucer, and it was in fragments on the floor. His head was bowed upon his breast. One desperate effort he made, and raised it for a moment.

"Louise, I think I will lie down a few moments."

His wife was instantly at his side. With the help of the girls, the sleepy gentleman was soon safe and comfortable in his bed.

"How funny!" cried the younger children.

"I wonder if he *is* sick?" questioned one anxiously.

"No—not in the least," was the mother's reply. Vaginia said—"What can it mean?"

Her mother smiled, and looking expressively in her daughter's face, said—"You must ask no questions, my child. Enough that you are free from what you dreaded this forenoon."

Instead of being conscience-stricken as she looked upon her serenely sleeping spouse, Mrs. Ledyard felt such relief (only a thousand-fold more of it) as mothers do when, after long and weary efforts amid kicks and squalls innumerable, they have at last conquered, and the obstreperous babe lies at rest, snugly tucked in its cradle.

She felt her husband's pulse, his brow, and laid her hand upon his heart, to assure herself that all was right, and then she sat down beside him with her sewing, and "took comfort." She really *enjoyed* him, as she had not been able to do for long years.

He looked so peaceable, so gentle, as he slept, that it hardly seemed possible that he could be such an inveterate freter and snarler.

His wife sat beside him, and forgot all that; she went away back to the honeymoon, and evoked from the past the many joys that once were hers. And thus the sun went down, and the twilight gathered.

Meantime there was a jubilee in the house below. Sad, that the happiest time known to young, loving and innocent hearts, was a time when the father was absent, and could by no means come to view them.

Vaginia came softly to say that her visitor had come, and her mother went down with her to the parlor.

It was a happy evening to the young girl, for she felt, from her visitor's manner, that the interest he had inspired was not unnoticed or unvalued.

Mrs. Ledyard was pleased and happy too, for she liked the gentleman exceedingly, and had long known from her brother his excellent character and generous nature. How thankful she was that, on this his first visit to her dear child, he was not to be offended or insulted by her self-willed and ungracious husband.

Before he left the ladies, Mr. Blackstone remarked that he had hoped to make the acquaintance of Miss Vaginia's father at that time, and added, in a significant manner, that he expected to have some business with him at some period not far in the future.

What Mr. Blackstone meant by this, of course no one knew.

In the morning Mr. Ledyard was in a very mild, amiable way. Everybody wondered at him. He remarked confidentially to his wife that he hadn't felt so well for a long time; had been very nervous and unhappy in his mind, and he believed that he had got nearly worn out when that sleep was sent to restore him to strength and calmness.

"I needed it, you see, my dear, and nature knows when to apply her cures."

This was certainly very satisfactory.

What proved so good once was not likely to be forgotten in other times of need, and many were the timely naps which considerate "Nature" sent to Mr. Ledyard. Indeed, she got quite *in the habit* of the thing; so much so that the man began to understand that as soon as he became fretful and annoying to persons about him, he would soon be falling asleep, wherever he might be, or whatever he might be doing. And he invariably awoke better natured. At length he took the lesson (privately, for he never owned his convictions that "Nature" was thus schooling him) to heart so much, that he set out in good earnest to govern himself and to reform, and by the time that Vaginia was happily married to Mr. Blackstone, and one or two of his other daughters were upon the point of matrimony, he had become so agreeable when *awake*, that "Nature" didn't think best to be sending him to any further extra explorations of "Nod."

Gentle reader, *this is* a sketch founded on solid fact. Whether you judge those facts to be *proper* or not, one thing is certain, namely—any man (or any woman) who is nothing but a torment to all about him while awake, had better be kept *quietly sleeping*. Don't you think so?

FORGET injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

HAPPINESS is promised not to the learned, but to the good.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

LIFE'S MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

BY TAMAR ANNE KEEMING.

A prairie colored sky—bright, sunny sky!
Rolling upon a golden flood with flowers;
In which full, laughing children's glories float—
Chasing the fleeting minutes into hours;
While all around is gladness!
Pure, blushing blossoms still unloaded with blight;
Bright dancers still unbound, beneath the merry feet
All pitiful brows hidden from the sight;
And all unconscious of the coming fear;
Unknown the touch of sadness!

Such is Life's Morn!

A warmer glow the now sunshine softly throws
Upon the landscape; the greens and sandy browns;
Tinting with many hues the shrubs and trees.
The sparkling dew has vanished—and the flowers
Are slowly opening
A feel falls here and there—a dawn is seen;
Content, with tired and childless, pass away
Anxious globes upon the altered scene;
And forward casters her powerful sway;
Noon's coming.

Such is Life's Noon.

Dark clouds are heralding the lingering light,
And the wind sighs and moans as it goes by;
Dreary the landscape on its weight—
But no one seed is found a resting-place;
Death is the reaper.
Yet the clouds scatter, and a fleet appears,
A brilliant tint it sheds upon the grass;
Darkening an entrance into heavenly spheres;
And the open a Throne with power to save,
Each drooping creeper.

Such is Life's Night.

But oh! when this has passed away,
We dwell in realms of light.

A SCENE IN ARKANSAS.

BY EDWARD ZENNETT.

Some years ago, when horse thieves, negro stealers, gamblers, et al. were gone, were much more common in the Arkansas country than they are to-day, a party of six or eight borderers were one cool evening in November assembled around the bar-room fire of the Jefferson House, in a place well known, but which, it suits our purpose not to name. They were rather a rough-looking set of fellows, take them all in all; and in the measure we introduce them, were attentively listening to the wonderful exploits of one Kelser, who was known in those parts as the leader of a gang of bullying scoundrels—though the person to whom he was relating, being a Northern stranger, was permitted his the more enjoyment of telling his story, speaking his fears, and waging himself a hero in a new quarter.

Winding up the detail of his sixth bloody duel and rencounter with an oath, he added, by way of a climax:

"I'm one of them as is never afeard of anything—within, black, or out—and all I want is, if anybody wishes to make trouble with me, he may bully to show me the fellow so says I is."

As he spoke, he straightened himself up, bent his round, bullet-head forward, and brought his fists with its peg ones, this, strong arms and small, black, somewhat bloodshot eyes, to bear upon each of those present, and with a defiant expression, which seemed to say he plainly as words—"Who dares contradict me?"

No one made any answer; and each eye, if it did not quail, at least fell before the contemptuous glance of the braggadocio.

"Yes," he repeated, with another oath, "I'm one of them as is afeard of anything—as I said afore, and to prove it, I'll tell ye of my fight with Dexter—Black Dexter, as we used to call him."

And then, with the air of one perfectly satisfied that he was a hero, which no man dared dispute, he was proceeding with his story, when a tall, slender individual, in the dress of a northern traveller, presently entered, with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across his arm, quietly entered the bar.

Approaching the bar—whither the landlord, who was one of the party at the fire, immediately repaired—the stranger mildly inquired if he could be entertained for the night.

"Certainly sir," replied the landlord, with a cheerful air. "A horse, I reckon, sir?"

The traveler nodded; and while he proceeded to divest himself of his overcoat, and dispatch his traveling companions with the host, the latter called to a black servant, and ordered him to attend to the gentleman's beast.

Meantime the bad not escaped notice—as no new comer in such a place does; but while most of the company awaited him somewhat curiously, Kelser, the egotistical hero of his own bloody exploits, angered by the interruption, stopped his narrative, and regarded him with a savage scowl.

"Another — Yankee—I'll be bound—a'n't he?" said he, in snarling, grating tone, intended to disconcert, irritate, and insult the traveler.

The latter, however, seemed to take no notice of the remark; but turning to the table, upon which fierce chunk he lay his cap and gloves, he picked it up, as it were, accidentally, and soon appeared to be deeply absorbed in its contents.

This quiet, inoffensive proceeding served to irritate the ruffian still more; but continuing himself for the time by muttering something about all Yankees being cowards, he turned to the others, and proceeded with his story—speaking somewhat loudly, in the usual manner of one to raise to the height of the bloody details of his narrative—as if to arrest the attention of the stranger, and impress him unfavorably.

Finding the latter was not in the least distracted, however, Kelser closed with a tremendous oath; and then, turning to the landlord, who had once more joined the party, he inquired, in a loud tone, if he thought there were any "cussed thieves amongst 'em from abroad?"

"Hush!" returned the host, in a low, cautious tone; "don't go for to make a spoon here, I beg of you—for such things ruin a man's house!"

"Do you want to take up on that fellow's side?" sneered the bully, fixing his black eyes upon him with an expression that made the latter quail.

"Oh, no, Kelser—I don't want to take anything up; and as I've told you, there a'n't nothing to him. Come! let's take a drink all round, and call it quits."

"In course we'll take a drink," returned the other, with a coarse laugh; "and as it's to be all round, why, we'll have it all round."

Saying this, and rising as he spoke, he walked over to the loathsome traveler, with a swaggering air, and, clapping him somewhat heavily on the shoulder, said, roughly:

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

The man looked up with something like a start, and displayed features in striking contrast with those of his interrogator. He seemed about five-and-twenty years of age—had a smooth, broad, high forehead—a rather slender, slightly effeminate, and almost beardless face—and mild, soft, pleasant blue eyes—the general expression of the whole countenance denoting one of a naturally timid, retiring, and unenterprising disposition. Finding his eyes upon the bully—rather with the air of one who did not exactly comprehend the cause of being so rudely disturbed, than with anything like anger or resentment at the harsh, unceremonious interruption—he said, in a low, mild tone, but by no volunteer some expression of his uncivil proceeding.

"I said, how d'ye do, stranger?" repeated Kelser; "but you don't seem to understand the civil thing."

At this the crowd, in expectation of a quarrel, at once stood up, and silently gathered in round the bully and the traveler. The latter, not to startle the latter a little, and glancing coolly from one to the other, he replied:

"I am very well, if that is what you wish to know; but really I do not see any occasion for such abrupt and unpleasant remarks."

"Then you don't, don't you?" sneered Kelser; "but I guess you'll see the civil thing."

"Gentlemen," said the traveler, with a polite bow to the company in general, "you must know my quality I came in here, and how inoffensively I conducted myself afterward; and you have seen that this man has ventured beyond all rules of good breeding, and stepped out of his way to insult and to quarrel with me. I am a stranger, it is true; a stranger here—though one who has always been amid all Southern chivalry; and I trust that the many of you will agree to stand by and see fair play?"

"All! all of us!" was the almost simultaneous response. "You shall have fair play, stranger!"

The bully turned slightly pale, and seemed more disconcerted and uneasy.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for convincing me, by your offer, that you are governed by justice and honor!" pursued the traveler; and "now I will prove to you that this man is a cowardly braggadocio, or else one of us shall not quit this place alive! It is understood that I am challenged to a single fight, is it not?"

There was a general affirmative response.

"The challenged party, I believe, has the choice of weapons, time, and place?"

Another affirmative response—the bully looking still paler and more anxious.

"Then, gentlemen, not being busily with the bowie knife, and wishing an equal chance for myself, I propose to leave the result to fate, and to test the courage of my opponent. Any man can stand up for a fight, if he knows he has the best of it—being no reality distasteful, then why not sacrifice try—and my insatiate hunch of fearing nothing. My proposition is this: Let two pistols be selected—one be loaded—and both be concealed under a cloth upon this table. Then my fighting friend

shall draw one by lot, and I the other—each one at the heart of his foe, and pull the trigger. Is not this fair, gentlemen, and the very thing the chance or not as Heaven shall will! Is not this fair?"

"Perfectly fair!" coincided all except Kelser, who fumbled, and recoiled slightly but a Yankee would ever have thought of such a beatbrush way of doing business.

"Did I not tell yot he was a coward—this fellow—who a few minutes ago feared neither man nor devil?" sneered the ranger, then drawing a laugh from the company, who now seemed to be all on his side.

The landlord now objected to the affair taking place in his house—but on one of the company taking him aside, and whispering in his ear, he soon no further opposition.

Accordingly, Kelser reluctantly consenting, one man chose to prepare the pistols, which were carefully produced; and in less than ten minutes they were placed under a cloth upon the table.

"Let's all right to the best chance," said the stranger, as he, and Kelser were brought face to face in the ranger positions.

The bully, who was really very much alarmed—and who, indeed, had in his pale face, quivering limbs, and quivering muscles—at once seemed to heighten all his emotions; and thrusting his hand under the cloth, he drew forth one of the weapons, presented it at the breast of the other, and pulled the trigger.

It did not fire; but the stranger, who knew not that if was unloaded, neither blenched nor changed expression. The crowd applauded; and the bully grew more pallid.

"It is my turn now!" said the traveler, in a quiet, deliberate manner, thus letting his eye steadily upon the quivering form of Kelser.

This was more than the latter could stand.

"No, I'll be — if it is!" he shouted; and in an instant, before any one could be prevented, he presented and pulled the trigger also.

But with a like result—for neither pistol was loaded. Both were now loaded, and the bully, almost the courage of both without bloodshed.

"Gentlemen," said the traveler, as order came, and a universal cry of "Shame! shame!" Kelser was heard to mutter, "I'll be even with you yet!"—"gentlemen, I am sorry that this affair has been extended in futile. The—Union," he hurried of a word among the host—"Union, I am sorry that the relative bounds the crushing wheels of Juggernaut, and the—Confederacy—Confederacy—Confederacy